

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The True Facts

BEFORE His Excellency, the Governor returns to Hongkong from Home leave in three months time he will have accomplished a vitally important mission for Hongkong—for the last month of his leave will be spent giving a series of lectures in the United States on Hongkong. The intention of these lectures is to give the American people some facts about the Colony which, it is hoped, will create in that country a better understanding of our current problems and the conditions under which we live. Such an undertaking is unique in the history of British colonial administration, yet there can be no doubt that the frequent slanders and misrepresentations that have been made wittingly and unwittingly by leading American personalities demand correction. It is sincerely to be hoped the Governor, as the supreme authority of the Colony, can dispel once and for all any doubts about Hongkong's loyalty to the UN and the Western cause which has frequently been questioned by critics in America. Sir Alexander has wisely decided to speak not only to various influential bodies in the American community, but also to visit the major cities and to appear on television so that his message will be sure of reaching a wide cross section of the American people. He will give main emphasis to the subjects of smuggling and the UN embargo—stressing in the first case the firm stand taken by Government against smuggling, and in the second case, to adhere rigidly to the embargo on trade of strategic goods to Communist China. He will also deal with the Colony's trade recession and the refugee and resettlement problem and the many vicissitudes confronting Hongkong authorities in tackling these twin blights. Wisely Sir Alexander will not confine his lectures solely to speeches but will invite questions from his various audiences so that he may have the opportunity of removing any doubts in individual minds. It is for this reason that we wish Sir Alexander every success in his forthcoming tour, coupled with the hope that he will leave Americans with a better understanding of—and even a sympathy for—Hongkong and its many problems.

FURTHER PROGRESS AT GENEVA

Atmosphere "Good" Yesterday

ADJOURNS TO AWAIT NEW FRENCH PLAN

Geneva, July 2.

The nine-nation Indo-China conference after a conciliatory meeting today adjourned until Tuesday to await new French proposals designed to break the deadlock on armistice control, conference sources said.

"There was slight progress at today's session. The atmosphere was good," one source said.

The 20th secret session today was marked by a moderately toned speech by the Soviet delegate in which he said there was now "some common ground" between East and West on the question of how a ceasefire should be supervised.

M. Jean Chauvel, acting head of the French delegation, said he would amplify soon the French plan for armistice control. His original skeleton proposals, presented last week, helped to narrow the gap that has existed since the conference started eight weeks ago.

Mr V.V. Kouznetsov, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, said today the French proposals had abandoned the Western insistence that an international supervisory commission should be composed of both belligerents.

He said this marked "a step forward" and it should now be possible to define the separate functions of both sides. Sir Lionel Lamb, acting head of the British delegation, said Britain wanted the international commission to have mandatory powers to expedite decisions. His delegation's silence at the last few meetings did not mean that Britain had abandoned her views that the Commission should have over-riding powers.

Conference sources said after today's meeting that during the weekend recess there would be consultations between the Western delegations on the detailed French plan promised today by M. Chauvel.

The French delegate was also due to have separate meetings with the Russians and the Communist Chinese.

TWO POINTS

The British and American delegations, it was understood, would consult their governments on various aspects of the French plan.

The French plan, which first received a conciliatory reception from the Vietnamese at the previous secret session last Tuesday, is still secret but it is believed to include these two salient points:

1. The Commission and the mixed teams should have separate functions, and

2. There should be no veto on the Commission which would refer vital matters to the armistice guarantor powers. The secret session was held today after the French proposals had been studied by all the other delegations in the three-day recess.

Conference sources said that Mr Kouznetsov said today there was some common ground between the proposals and the plan put to the conference by Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister, on May 14.

He said the nine delegations should therefore study the Soviet and French proposals with a view to reaching an agreement.

RUSSIA'S VIEW

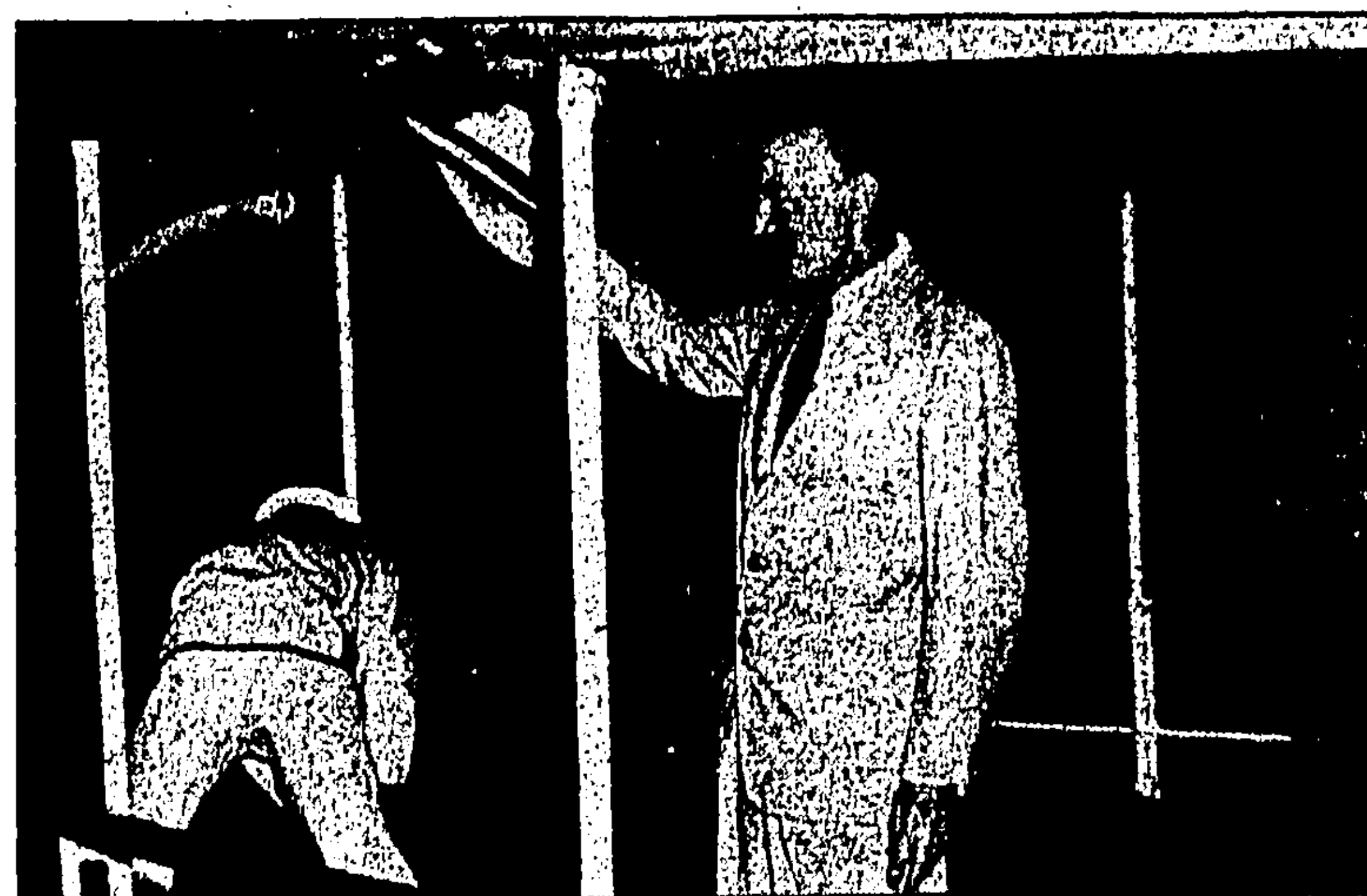
Conference sources said Mr Kouznetsov repeated the Communist view that the mixed teams should not be subordinate to the proposed international commission.

He said the commission and the joint committees should be autonomous. Mr Kouznetsov suggested that delegates should work out details of the functions of the two bodies.

The sources said that Mr Kouznetsov declared that the Soviet Union was against the projected commission having any assistance from foreign armed forces as this would be a violation of sovereignty of the parties concerned.

Mr Kouznetsov again suggested that Poland and Czechoslovakia should be members of an international armistice supervisory commission for Indo-China.—Reuters.

A Farewell Wave From The Governor



As the Lady Maurine pulls out from the new Queen's Pier early this morning, H.E. the Governor waves to the large group of friends who came to say goodbye to him.

H.E. Departs From Hongkong On Home Leave

His Excellency, the Governor, Sir Alexander Gratham left Kai Tak this morning by BOAC aircraft for three months' leave in the United Kingdom.

Earlier a large crowd said goodbye to him at the new Queen's Pier.

Dressed in a light grey suit and a white straw hat, His Excellency arrived at the pier shortly after 7.15 a.m. After about 15 minutes' handshaking the Governor boarded The Lady Maurine, accompanied by the Hon. R.B. Black and Mr M.C. Illingworth, ADC, and left for Kai Tak to emplane for England.

He is expected to be back in the Colony in the middle of November.

Among those at the pier to see him off were Lieut-General C. S. Sugden and Mrs Sugden, Major-General R. C. Cradock, Rear Admiral G. V. Gladstone, Air Commodore R. C. Field, Commodore A. H. Thorold, Mrs R. B. Black, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, the Hon. L. G. Morgan, the Hon. and Mrs M. W. Lo, the Hon. and Mrs R. R. Todd, the Hon. and Mrs A. M. Rutledge, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo and Mrs Yeo, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. Michael Turner, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, the Hon. and Mrs T. N. Chau, Sir Man-kam Lo, Mr Julian Harrington, Mr and Mrs A. C. Maxwell, Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, Mr and Mrs J. Jolly, Mr and Mrs Fung Ping-tan, Mr Hon Man-wai, Mr C. C. Cheng, Mr Hui Ngok, Lt-Commander D. R. E.

Calif. Mr and Mrs Buchanan Tong, and Mr Lee Man-kee. At the airport to see him off were the Hon. R. B. Black, the Hon. Leo d'Almeida, the Hon. and Mrs Lawrence Kadoorie, Mr M. J. Muspratt-Williams, and Mr Illingworth, ADC.

Thorneycroft Leaves For US

London, July 2. Mr Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, left by air tonight for Washington.

Before boarding the plane, Mr Thorneycroft said: "I am going for talks with Mr Sassen, the United States Foreign Operations Administrator, on the long-term East-West trade security controls."

He continued: "There has been already a good deal of discussion with a number of European countries, the United States and ourselves and further meetings are taking place."

"We shall be having talks," he concluded, "on outstanding problems against the background of the discussions with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr Eden." Mr Thorneycroft was expected to stay in Washington two or three days.—France-Press.

Alarming Vietnamese Desertions

Singapore, July 2. Whole Vietnamese units are disappearing overnight from the French lines in the Red River delta and going over to the Communists, military observers said today.

The French evacuation of large areas of the rice-rich delta is the "beginning of the end" of French military operations in Indo-China, observers believe.

This opinion is generally held by military analysts and diplomats whose job it is to report assessments to their home government from this Southeast Asian listening post.

Unofficial reports reaching Singapore describe the desertions as reaching an almost uncountable rate.

Where a few months ago defections were in tens and twenties, in the last month on the delta they have reached hundreds and thousands.

Those who defect are officially listed as "missing" by the French Command.

A traveller from there told Reuters: "We used to work out Vietnamese casualties at the rate of about one killed to three wounded to about nine missing. Now whole units go missing overnight."

It is believed that the French are no longer placing reliance on Vietnamese troops to assist in the defence of important positions.

The general view is that the French will abandon the Red River delta almost without a fight.—Reuters.

Red China And U.N.

U.S. Fears Over Churchill Speech

Washington, July 2. Sir Winston Churchill's plea for peaceful co-existence with the Communist world and prospects of a Communist agreement to an Indo-China peace are seen in diplomatic quarters as responsible for the sudden apprehension that Communist China might be admitted to the United Nations membership.

There is strong suggestion that much of the Congressional concern over Allied intentions regarding Communist China's entry into the world body, was stimulated by the belief that Sir Winston and the British Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden, had argued in favour of such a move during their recent five-day Washington talks with President Eisenhower and Secretary of State, Mr Foster Dulles.

It would now appear that the so-called "China Lobby" in Congress—meaning the strong Republican faction which gives unwavering support to the Nationalist regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek—fears that the Eisenhower administration might already be weakening its stand against the Communist regime's membership.

Senator William Knowland, the Republican leader in the Senate, and Generalissimo Chiang's most powerful friend in Congress, has now publicly warned that a "major effort" would likely be made later this year in the United Nations General Assembly to bring the Communist Chinese regime into that organisation.

ACTION THREAT
As the party's top spokesman in Congress, it is assumed that the Senator had access to official information which has caused him not only to sound a warning but to threaten rebellious action if the administration did not take all steps to block the omission.

The Republican leader has criticised the Eisenhower administration's handling of the Asian policies from time to time but this is the strongest blast, tantamount to an ultimatum, he has yet delivered.

It is obvious that the "China Lobby" was prepared to bring about a political crisis if the State Department did not show enough initiative in marshalling votes in the General Assembly to keep Communist Chinese out.—Reuters.

A New China Mail Feature

The China Mail today published on Page 6 the first instalment of "Reach for the Sky", Paul Brickhill's amazing story of Britain's legless R.A.F. hero, Group Captain Douglas Bader.

Further instalments from the book will be published twice weekly in future—on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sir Beverley Baxter, reviewing "Reach for the Sky" said: "Paul Brickhill has done a brilliant job. I commend this book, not only for the story but the manner in which it is told."

Don't miss this exclusive China Mail feature.

Eisenhower Invites Rhee To U.S.

Washington, July 2. President Dwight Eisenhower has invited South Korean President Syngman Rhee to Washington to discuss Korea's future and various problems of mutual interest to the two countries; it was learned here today from a usually well-informed source.

Official quarters neither confirm nor deny the report. It is possible that the invitation was conveyed by Mr Ellis Briggs, American Ambassador in Seoul, for he visited Mr Rhee's home about a fortnight ago when the Korean part of the Geneva Conference was coming to an end.

Diplomatic observers are wondering whether on account of his age and the intense political difficulties in Korea, Mr Rhee would be able to accept the invitation to the United States. If he is unable to undertake the journey, a high official of the United States Government may go to see him.

The proposed talks were overshadowed in the joint declaration made by Mr Rhee and the United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, following the signing of the mutual assistance pact on August 8, 1953, which was ratified by Congress last January.—France-Press.

FLY PAL TO MANILA

4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 1 p.m. and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 4 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.



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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

This Housewife Has A Handful: Nine Children And The Ministry Of Commerce

Copenhagen.

Two Danish cabinet members offer living proof that it is possible to lead a normal life as a housewife with several children and at the same time occupy one of the highest posts in the country.

They are two Danish women ministers, who have between them a total of 13 children. Mrs Bodil Koch, Minister of Ecclesiastics, has four children and Mrs Lis Groes, Minister of Commerce, has nine, four girls and five boys ranging in age from three to 17.

"I was an only child, and I found it lonely, so I decided to have a nest full of children myself when I got married," Mrs Lis Groes, 43, explained. "I hadn't exactly thought it would be nine, but... well, they came by degrees, so to speak."

Money Or Your Life

Tsurugi, Japan.
Sixty-year-old Nami Hata counted himself lucky when he tipped and fell on a railroad track and the engineer of an oncoming train stopped just in time. But a few days later he was ordered to pay a 600 yen (about \$1.70) fine for violating a new railway regulation against "obstructing the passage of trains."—United Press.

Ireland's Unknown Warrior

Dublin.
Ireland's unknown warrior is six feet tall, muscular and completely bald. And well he should be. Even the coffin which enclosed his material form when he died nearly 1,000 years ago has crumbled to dust, leaving him in the repose of a long sleep on a catafalque in the underground vault of St Michael's church in Dublin.

Who he is or where he came from no one knows and even the experts are unable to say why this unknown man from Ireland's past should be in such a remarkable state of preservation.

Beside the unknown warrior are bodies of eight others—all of them, except for baldness, completely preserved. In one respect only is their sleep of death different—their lids are closed, but not completely crumpled away.

"There is no satisfactory explanation why these bodies, which were not embalmed, should be so remarkably well preserved," says the Reverend E.J. Young, an authority on the history of St. Michael's.

MYSTERY "SOMETHING" in the air inside the vault defies solution by the mightiest of the world's men of science. The atom was split—but no scientist can crack the intangible wall that holds the secret of the vault under the little 1,000-year-old riverside church in Dublin.

Many famous people are buried here. The brothers Sheares, beheaded by the British for their part in the Rebel Rising of 1798, rest side by side in St Michael's vault. Here, too, is a murdered landlord, a woman said to have been a nun, and a girl of about 17.

A visit to the vaults brings the privilege of shaking hands with the unknown warrior. How he died in battle or because of a quarrel is so much guesswork. But one thing is certain: he serves his country even in death. He may be a grim sort of host to welcome a visitor—but the visitors come at the rate of 20,000 a year to look and wonder.—United Press.

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A graduate in Political Economy and formerly Chairman of the Danish Women Consumers' Council, Mrs Groes starts her day at 7 a.m., planning with her two maids the "consumers' routine" of the day for a household of 14 persons, including herself and her husband who is Managing Director of the Danish Co-operative Wholesale Society, nine children and a nephew who is studying at the Copenhagen University, plus the two maids.

Apart from this the greatest problem of a morning is the bath, the 14-roomed suburban villa having only a single bathroom. But the problem has been solved. There is a bathroom schedule which the family strictly follows. Most of the older children have household duties to perform such as shoe-shining and washing-up.

Mrs Groes' official driver, Ouf Mathiesen, who calls for his Minister every morning, has been entrusted the task of feeding the two youngest children in the early morning rush hour. Birthe, Tyte and Eske are allowed to accompany their mother in the big black limousine to the Ministry, because the early morning is the only time Mrs Groes has an opportunity of seeing them. When she returns in the evening, the tots have been put to bed.

SHE SINGS

Often Mrs Groes will take them out of the car for a walk at the "Langelinie" waterfront to show them the "Little Mermaid" statue, to sing for them or play a little, before the Ministry routine begins.

Any press interview with the Minister has to take place in the early morning or late evening outside the crowded "working hours", and even so there is bound to be many interruptions—"A new skipping-rope? Maybe, but then how about sewing on that button on your vest?" "Breaker first!"—"Was the dentist bad? Yes, but I am sure you took it like a little man."—"Breakfast is on the table, son. Don't forget to drink your milk."

Being a Social-Democrat and having a positive attitude towards the Danish Co-operative Wholesale Society, she was severely attacked by the Opposition immediately after her appointment. In October, 1953, the Independent merchants and tradesmen feared she would tend to favour the co-operative stores at the expense of the independent ones. But she came out of the controversy successfully.

Besides the long-term policy-making she—especially nursed

Rodents Provide Her Old-Age Pension

Toronto.

Chinchilla raising is a new type of old-age pension to Mrs Dorothy Dew, one of the ranchers exhibiting at the seventh annual chinchilla show here.

She said she finds the little animals a hobby that she can develop through the years and which will eventually give her a good income.

"Raising chinchillas is just as easy as raising goldfish—and a lot more lucrative for the current woman who is looking ahead to security," she said. Mrs Dew said it is "quite restoring" after a hard day's work to watch the little animals scampering around their cages.

"They are entirely docile and far easier to handle than most domestic pets," Mrs Dew said. "Because of this I'm able to keep 14 chinchillas in my basement with absolutely no trouble at all."—United Press.

The Hydra, with no eyes and nothing that could be called a developed brain, can capture the highly complex water bug which has both a compound eye and a brain, according to an article in *Nature*.

her old interest: That of the consumers.

The Minister got the approval of thousands of housewives, when she, herself five feet 10 (she wears number 9 shoes), dropped broad hints that the selection of Danish consumer goods was much too small. One of the items to which she drew attention was ladies' panties, the selection of which, she said, was such that "you would think the female part of the Danish population consisted solely of teenagers."

The statement brought protests from many textile representatives but nevertheless, the selection of more "rational" panties seemed to become ample after that.

Like her policy, Mrs Groes' philosophy of life is marked "Common Sense" in capital letters. About children in general she says, "there are two aspects to be considered: Birth-control has certainly made life easier for women. But on the other hand, life is completely changed when there is a whole family. There is a better solidarity between parents and children. Solidarity is a value in itself. Our children get their edges worn off, and their independence is developed. And they are never bored."

She brings her own breakfast to the parliament restaurant and only buys herself a glass of milk. Even during this brief break there are interruptions. A person may sneak in and approach her with a bright idea for the solution of some intricate problem. As for instance, when an importer of automobiles suggested, to help the difficult currency situation, a three-month stoppage of motorcycle imports.

When at 8 or 9 p.m. the "Minister of the Danish Housewives" gets home, there may not be much of a supper left for her. One supper takes nine pounds of potatoes and the children seem to be non-stop eaters. Recently, when she arrived home all the sausages were gone, but she had a little mashed potatoes and a mathematical puzzle placed in front of her by Nick, who is now plying his middle school exam.

—United Press.

Science Can't Explain This Wonder

For The Irish Know
The Truth

Antrim, Ireland.

Science and legend are at loggerheads in trying to explain the secret origin of Ireland's greatest unsolved wonder—the spectacular Giant's Causeway on the coast of Antrim.

The Scientists hold that the 74,000 separate columns can be explained by the cooling of lava in ancient days.

"No such thing," say the old men wise in story-telling. The columns, they declare, are all that remain of the home of Ireland's legendary giant, Finn MacCumhail, whom history soberly describes as "a commander in the ancient armies of King Cormac MacArt."

The giant columns of his amphitheatrical world have remained just so many columns—a geologist's scientific wonder—of the Irishman's affection for the art of story-telling had given each of these pillars a personality.

And tourists like it that way. Legend has it that these organ-shaped columns are all that remains of a great organ which the pagan gods silenced when Finn's poet, Ossian, struck the false notes that angered them.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"She's the new secretary I just hired and she's good! She can type, file, spell, and knows how to mend and sew on buttons!"

5,000 Hungry Geese Feed In His Backyard Every Year

Amherstburg, Ontario.

An Amherstburg farmer being eaten "out of house and home" by migrating Canadian geese, bears no grudge against the honking, hungry birds.

For 10 years the geese have been landing during their annual flight South over western Ontario at the farm of Henry Rebidoux, two miles West of Amherstburg.

Rebidoux admitted he started it all by building a bird sanctuary but once the word had spread aloft, his bills started going up.

Last year, some 5,000 birds a day descended on to his estate which by this time had added accommodation in the form of a 250 by 30 ft canal at one end of his pond.

Rebidoux who only wanted to have a quiet hobby in his backyard, last year spent \$2,200 feeding his eager guests. Now he is appealing to all the thousands of people who have come to see the geese to help him out financially.

A SHAME

"I'm afraid we're not going to be able to keep it up. The geese have now reached the point where they are eating us out of house and home."

"I couldn't turn them away," he explained when asked why he went on feeding the birds twice a day, at 6 a.m. and after dark.

Rebidoux, who spends a strenuous day on the farm, said it would be a shame to stop visitors in their cars who come to watch the migrating geese every day during the migrating season.—United Press.

What Causes Headaches

Montreal.

A Montreal doctor says a headache usually has little connection with the head at all. He has developed an electronic machine to back up his theory.

Dr Martin Tunis, research associate and lecturer in experimental medicine at the McGill University Clinic in all the Victoria Hospital, says that 90 per cent of all headaches arise from disturbances in tissues outside the skull. Of that number, he says, most are caused by stretching of blood vessel walls or sustained contraction of a muscle in the face of neck.

Dr Tunis adds, however, that he does not know advance reasons for the cause of headaches. He says he thinks that emotional factors contribute to headaches, but does not know how they fit into the picture.

His machine, as yet unnamed, has helped him determine what causes headaches at the physiological level, and why some chemicals can be used to relieve headaches.

A graduate of McGill University, Dr Tunis is one of two Canadians who have become fellows in the Commonwealth Research Foundation. He also is an assistant professor at the Allan Memorial Institute.—United Press.

She Did Her Shopping By Cable

Sydney.

Shopping by cable to Sydney, 4,000 miles away, with deliveries only four times a year, was the most difficult problem Mrs F. S. Sutherland had in her 2½ years on Fanning Island, situated in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

Fanning is a half-mile-wide oval ring of land around a 10-mile lagoon, and is a relay point for the trans-Pacific cable linking Australia and Vancouver.

Five or six Australians and their families live there to watch over the cable. There are a handful of Chinese and 60 or 70 South Sea Islanders of various races.

Mrs Sutherland enjoyed her stay there—except for that shopping. Honolulu was only 1,000 miles away, but there was no shipping between the two points, and only the cable company's chartered steamship called regularly.

"We grow our own pawpaw and bananas, but had to send to Sydney for potatoes and onions," she said. The shopping list also included fish-hooks, hats, chicken feed—an incredible, thoughtfully-prepared list of items.

MUM TAUGHT

"We don't think we were badly off materially or socially," she said. "We had as much comfort on Fanning as we could afford to have in Sydney, and our house was much larger."

The houses, with concrete floors, were large and airy. There was a daily ice and meat delivery, wonderful fresh fish and tropical fruits. The cable and tropics maintained a store of tinned staples for its staff.

Schooling for her three children from 6½ to 12 years, Mrs Sutherland did herself. Since each family has only a 2½ year "hitch" on Fanning, the children usually follow a curriculum based on the work done in their own school in Australia, with Mum acting as teacher. When they return, they can continue with their regular classes.—United Press.

At least 100 fishes have flesh that is dangerous to eat. The greatest number of poisonous fishes lives in the Pacific, and even cooking does not make them safe to eat.

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TO-DAY **Cathy**

CRUISE FOR THE MILLIONAIRE

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• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



ACTOR Richard Attenborough stands up to pour a glass of champagne for actress Shelley Winters at the Golden Jubilee Ball held by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art at the Lyceum Theatre, London. (Express)



HERR Julius Raab, Austria's jovial Federal Chancellor, is at present on a goodwill visit to Britain. On his call at the Foreign Office, Herr Raab (centre) is seen with Mr Selwyn Lloyd (left), Minister of State, deputising for the Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden. (Express)



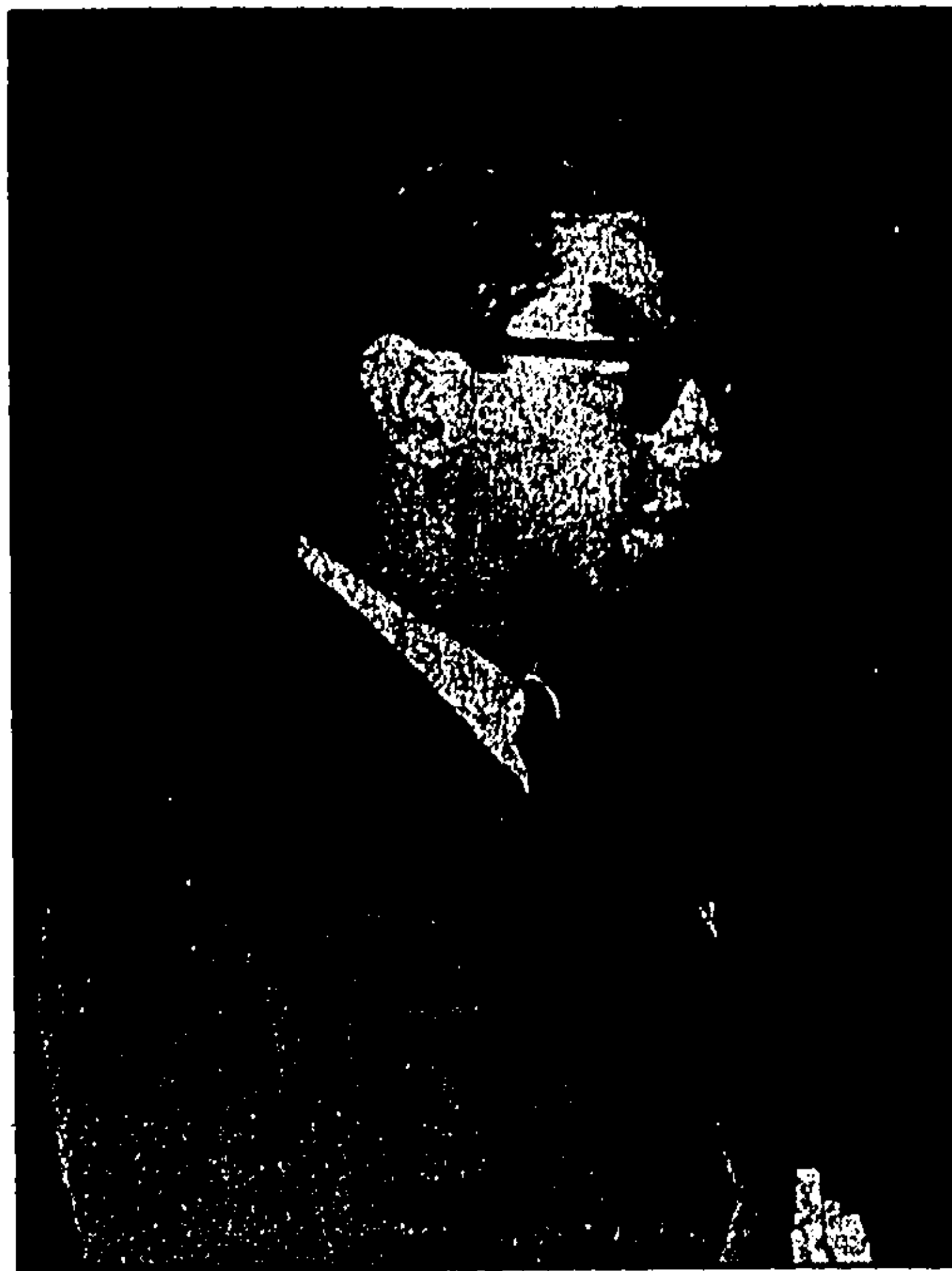
TRIAL landings of helicopters being held on the South Bank site, Waterloo, following the recent easing of regulations governing flights over London. British European Airways intend to operate a service between London Airport and the South Bank commencing next March.



A farmer who is planning a revolution in British livestock breeding won the supreme and reserve championships at the Lincolnshire Agricultural Show—the first time the double honour has gone to one man. Picture shows Mr. Eric Pentecost with Cropwell Champion, his supreme champion Lincoln Red Shorthorn bull, and Evening Rustle of Cropwell, reserve champion Aberdeen Angus cow. (Express)



MARLENE DIETRICH, the "glamorous grandmother," saw the London press at lunch at the Cafe de Paris. Lunch was laid at small tables for half a dozen or so, and at each was a place for Marlene. She is doing a night club season in London. (Express)



AT Hounslow, Leonard Pountney presented 15 modern male hair styles suitable for H.M. Forces. A team of judges, which included a RSM and a WRAC sergeant, selected three styles which they considered most suitable. Gunner D. Game (No. 15) was awarded first prize. (Army News)

RIGHT: A week's dancing tour of Holland was ahead of these members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. Seen here boarding a train at Liverpool Street Station are, left to right, Margot Fonteyn, Nadia Nerina, Rosemary Lindsay, Valerie Taylor and Brenda Taylor. (Express)

LEFT: Mr James Ortiz-Patino, 25-year-old member of the wealthy Bolivian tin family, pictured in London when he arrived in search of his 23-year-old wife, Joanne, whom he reported missing from a Rome nursing home. He and his American-born wife were on their honeymoon when she entered the nursing home. (Express)



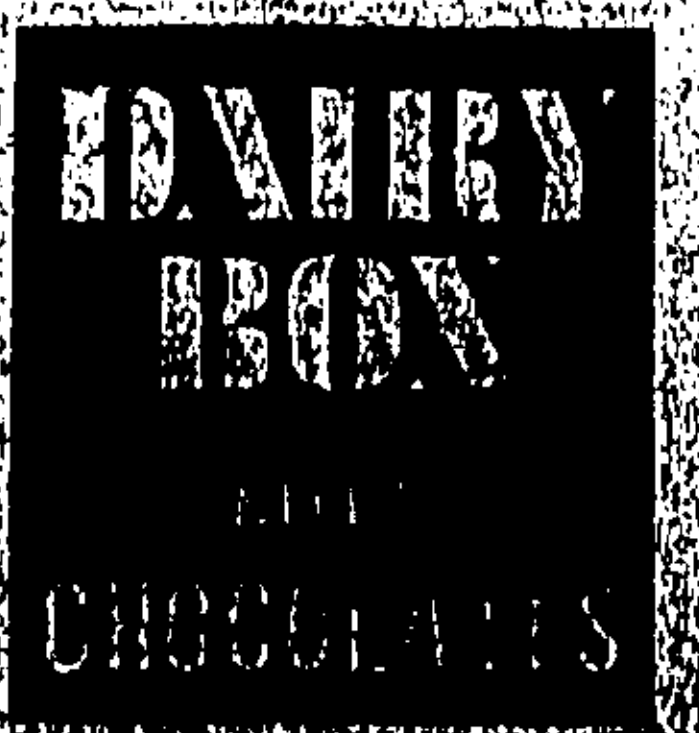
ON her visit to the WRAC School of Instruction at Hindhead, Her Majesty the Queen Mother listens to recruiting speeches being made by Officer Cadets dressed in period uniforms. (Army News)

RIGHT: The Daily Express cycle tour of Britain, which covered a distance of 1,461 miles, was won by Franco's Eugene Tamburini, seen triumphantly holding the trophy aloft. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



PROBLEM OF WHITE MAU MAU

By John Ashwin

DESPITE denials by the Colonial Office in London, there is evidence of a real rift between the military and the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, in Kenya.

General Erskine is thoroughly impatient with the seemingly aimlessness of the Kenya Government's policy towards Mau Mau. In private he complains bitterly of the lack of drive in government circles. There is no personal dispute between the Governor and the leader of military operations, but General Erskine believes that the Governor should have much fuller powers and that for the time being military requirements should have absolute priority.

Sir Evelyn Baring is not only a sick man who needs a change of office. He has failed to make the magic of the name "Baring"—his father was that great British pro-consul, Lord Cromer—carry sufficient weight to overcome the prejudices of the extreme right wing of white settler opinion. This body is as much an obstacle to settling the Mau Mau question as any single thing.

Indeed, there have been many white settlers who have threatened to defy the Governor should he take any definite steps of his own and reduce the authority of the European-elected members. The story is very much like that of Ulster and the Curragh rebellion before 1914.

ONLY ANSWER

The only answer to the Mau Mau problem lies in well-considered suspension of the Legislative Council and direct military rule, with a soldier as Governor and C-in-C combined. Such a man would have to be equally tough with the Kikuyu and with the European "Mau Mau," as the right wing settlers who want "white" self-government are sometimes called.

There are still supporters in London of the idea of letting General Templer try his Malayan policy in Kenya. He at any rate would stand on no nonsense from either section. But his appointment now seems less than even.

But a change in either the Governor or of policy towards Kenya is urgently needed, and is sure to come. The Kenya Police Reserve is thoroughly inefficient, tainted by many vicious characters and as bad as was the Malayan Police Force before General Templer took over. What is needed is direct military rule, the setting up of new towns for displaced Kikuyu and power to round up Kikuyu in the large towns and displace them to camps where they cannot hinder the battle against Mau Mau. Sir Evelyn Baring is opposed to the latter measures, though in Malaya they were humanely and effectively carried out.



"But Bertie—I'm only doing like Winston and Ike—encouraging Anglo-American relationship."

London Express Satire

The Uncanny

YES, THEY HAVE A SIXTH SENSE!

TELEPATHY—the transfer of messages from mind to mind across space—no longer ranks as a superstition. It is openly accepted by leading scientists.

Much hard evidence in support of telepathy has been collected in the last few years. But what has done most to make belief in thought-transference acceptable is the realisation that hypnosis works.

Experiments in hypnosis have proved that one human mind can influence the behaviour of another.

There is evidence that this influence can be exerted at a distance, and that is the essence of telepathy.

When a hypnotist pinched himself, the person he had hypnotised, then out of the room, reported that he felt the pain. When another hypnotist put salt in his mouth the person he was hypnotising complained of a salty taste.

That cartoon

In cases of telepathy the person who transmits the message is not a hypnotist, but there is evidence that ordinary people can transmit painful sensations across space to others.

Dr John Hettinger, a London psychic researcher, is using a machine which shows, he claims, that when slight painful

CHAPMAN PINCHER

Our Science Reporter continues his investigation into that strange world beyond the five senses—the World of the Uncanny. He deals with questions that for all history have been surrounded by fear and superstition and now, in 1954, he gives us the TRUTH in the light of the latest discoveries.

shocks are administered to the "sender" in telepathy experiments, they are sometimes felt by unpleasant sensations by the "receiver."

During one apparently successful attempt, which I witnessed, to transmit pictures by telepathy some dials were accidentally knocked over in an adjoining room. At precisely that moment the "receiver," eight miles away, said spontaneously "Five five."

In my view Dr Hettinger's tests, in which details of pictures seem to have been "transmitted" over long distances are convincing.

Look at the picture (on right) which was "transmitted"

by a Mrs Susan Trott, a 44-year-old housewife with no claims to psychic powers.

At the moment when she looked at the picture, another woman acting as "receiver" eight miles away said, "A corpulent gentleman holding the feet out as if to show the feet and shoes."

I cannot see how such a detailed statement about a picture the receiver had never seen can be explained as coincidence. And no trickery was possible.

Nobody has yet been able to "transmit" telepathic messages regularly at will. Only a proportion of "direct hits" are scored even by the best "receiver."

The Piddingtons, who impressed many people with their thought-transference broadcasts, were just clever illusionists—as was officially made clear by the B.B.C. after scientists complained the public was being misled.

200 miles

MOST telepathy investigators, including Dr J. B. Rhine in America and Dr S. G. Soal of London University, have preferred to work in a way in which the results can be assessed statistically.

While one person, the "sender," has looked at special cards taken at random from a pack, the "receiver" has tried to guess the order in which the cards were exposed.

Many people have scored far more correct guesses than can be accounted for by chance.

In a cross-Channel test carried out by Dr Soal a woman who was 200 miles away got 270 correct guesses out of 850. The odds against this happening by chance are 100,000 million to one.

Distance seems to be no bar. Dr Hettinger has claimed high success at transmitting pictures across the Atlantic.

How could telepathy work? Its mechanism, like that of hypnosis, is unexplained. According to British brain-expert Dr Grey Walter, the brainwaves—minute electric charges generated by the brain cells—are far too small to be responsible for communicating at any distance and far below the range of radio channels.

A recording of the "brainwaves" of a sensitive medium while in a trance made recently by Dr C. C. Evans, of the Belmont Hospital, Sutton, Surrey, showed no special features.

Danger... death

RECORDS show that outside the laboratory the most convincing cases of telepathy occur at times of crisis, danger, illness or at the moment of death.

There are many trustworthy records of people who have suddenly and unaccountably become convinced that a relative has died. They have proved to be right about the exact time of death and often about details of how it happened.

Telepathy seems to be controlled by the unconscious rather than the conscious mind. Some of the most spectacular telepathic messages seem to be "received" during dreams.

In waking life people are rarely, if ever, aware that they are "transmitting." This may explain why some mediums and fortune tellers occasionally give correct information about relatives although the sitter is not consciously thinking about them at the time.

The recent finding that simple, emotional people are better "receivers" of telepathic information than intellectual, logical types may be linked with the fact that gipsies seem to make good fortune tellers.

Dogs too

MANY people believe there is a mental link between a shepherd and his dog, between a bird and its mate, and recent tests suggest that it may be possible to influence the behaviour of cats by will-power alone.

So though telepathy experiments with humans continue, the search for how this "sixth sense" works may come from investigations into how birds migrate and how animals like cats and dogs behave.

Can the future be predicted?



"Personally, I've made up my mind to wait..."

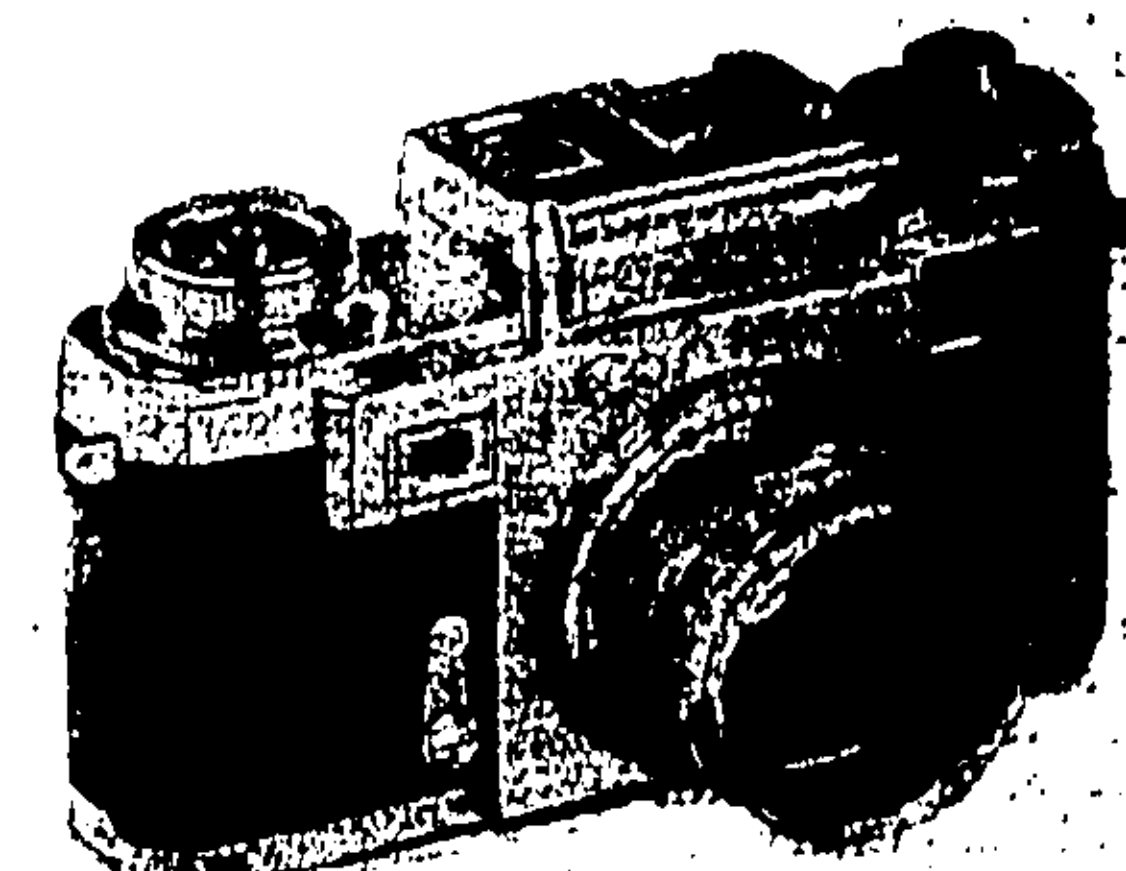
☆ A housewife looked at this cartoon during a telepathy experiment in 1947—and as she looked another woman eight miles away described it thus: "A corpulent gentleman holding the feet out as if to show the feet and shoes..."

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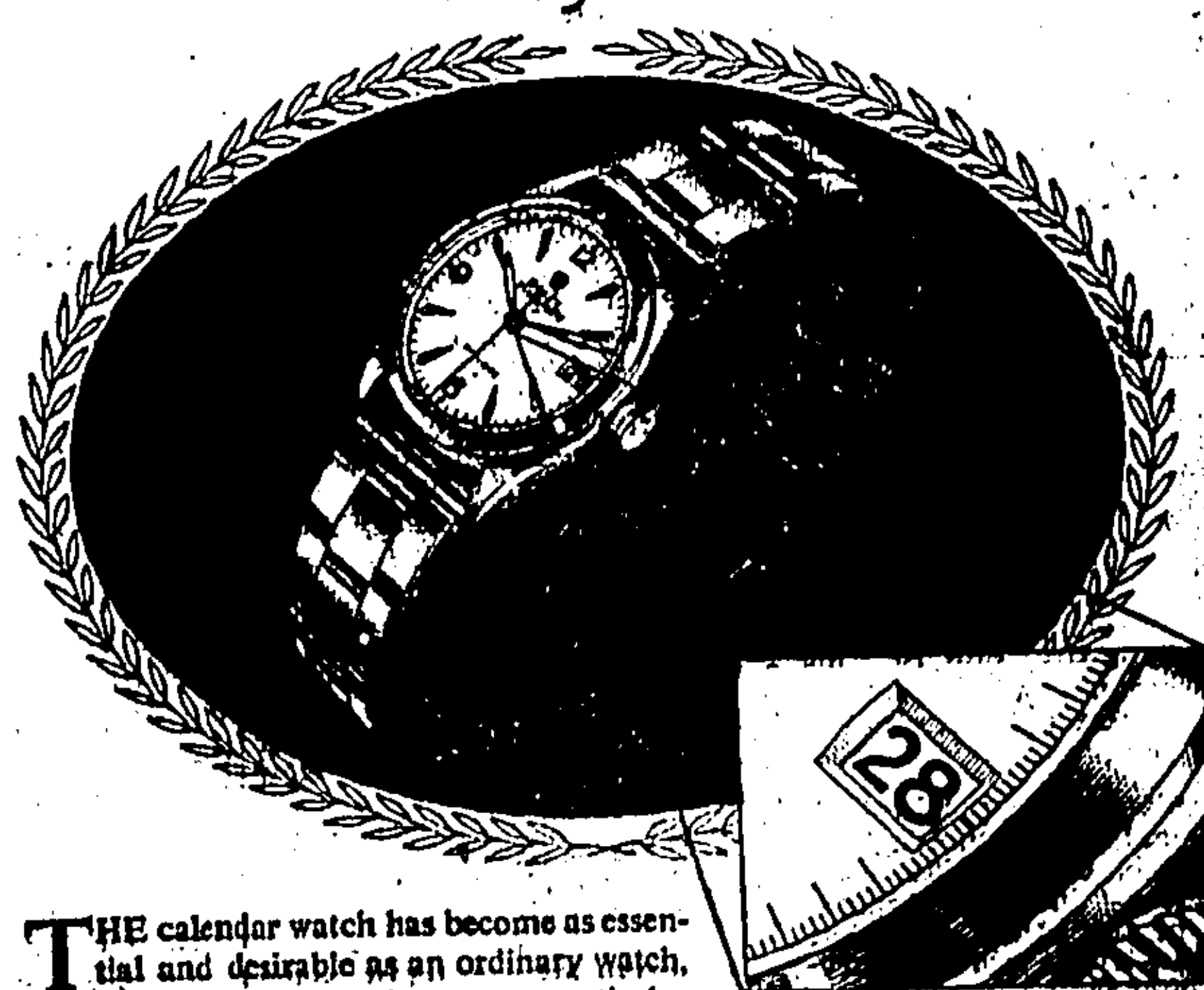


CONTAX IIIa

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A calendar watch you can afford
The superbly accurate
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THE calendar watch has become as essential and desirable as an ordinary watch, but hitherto it has not been too practical a proposition—owing to its expense. Now, however, there is the Rolex Oysterdate—a magnificent watch that tells the time and the date, and which you can afford.

Incorporated in this superb watch are many famous Rolex features: the intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, and perspiration by the unique Oyster case and "Twinlock" Safety Crown, which keep it waterproof even when the stem is pulled out for hand-setting; the seconds are counted out by a graceful, sweep second-hand; the date is clearly shown, automatically, in a neat window on the dial; and, of course, the movement itself is beautifully built by Rolex craftsmen, ensuring the accuracy for which every Rolex watch is justly famous.

The Rolex Oysterdate fulfils a need for a highly logical calendar watch of elegance and precision at a moderate cost.

ROLEX
Oysterdate

In the Rolex Oysterdate, as in the famous Rolex watches, the date appears clearly and automatically in the uniquely devised window on the dial. By simply glancing at your Oysterdate watch you will find the date at a glance.

Ten points of supremacy in the Rolex Oysterdate

1. Shows the date clearly and automatically in a window on the dial.
2. Completely waterproof by the Oyster case.
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4. Sweep second-hand.
5. Beautifully built movement.
6. Automatic date-setting.
7. Shock-resistant.
8. Superior quality materials.
9. Perfect finishing.
10. Unsurpassed accuracy.

REVOLT IN THE MORNING

By LES ARMOUR

London.
AN Inawigh pun who went quietly out to mow his lawn at four o'clock one morning last week found himself facing a policeman.

About the same time, Twickenham Council announced that it had granted housewives on an estate at Hanworth permission to hang their washing on outside clotheslines.

And, at Knifesmithgate, local authorities have enlisted the fire brigade to help them attack pigeons.

Sociologists, no doubt, will allow all these incidents to pass unnoticed. They will be busy polling 1,000 representative peat diggers in Wigan to determine whether or not there is evidence for the assertion that British men habitually wear their socks inside out. They will be frustrated, of course, if only because there is no peat digging in Wigan.

Had they confined their attention to the man who mowed his lawn at 4 a.m., the ladies who want to hang their washing outside and the pigeons who are being assaulted by the fire brigade, they might have discovered the true state of affairs in the nation.

Let us take the cases one by one.

HIS REAL CRIME

The chap who wanted to mow his lawn, according to his neighbours, was being a nuisance. But was he? A lawn-mower is a simple machine, its noise is hardly comparable to the yowling of a couple of alley cats or the hideous growl of a passing motor-cycle.

In a less regimented age one might have expected the next-door neighbour to roll over in bed and remark to his wife: "Old George mowing the lawn again. Little early for it or even a little late if you like. Odd,

Drunk possibly." At that, he would have dropped off to sleep. But no. Old George got no peace.

His real crime was simply that he did something unusual. People DON't cut lawns at 4 a.m. Therefore, people SHOULD cut lawns at 4 a.m. Therefore, anyone who does is a menace. Call the cops.

Typical mass-mind, machine-age thought.

And what of the Hanworth housewives? Their dispute with the local Council rambled on for months. The Council felt that it was "unpleasant" to hang out the wash. The flats were built with heated drying cupboards.

The cupboards, alas, didn't dry the clothes. Worse, they were equipped with pipes running into the bathrooms—through which passed the steam from the drying clothes. Result: wet clothes and Turkish baths all round.

But Hanworth Council felt that the housewives' demand for a "drying room" was a nuisance. Call the cops.

didn't match the architecture. The Smith flat could easily be distinguished from the Jones flat by counting the holes in the table cloth.

Shocking. Disorderly. Individualistic. Frustrating.

The Council gave in only when it decided the housewives would probably hang out the wash whatever it said.

Finally the pigeons.

Once upon a time, Englishmen fed breadcrumbs to pigeons.

Now they turn the fire-hose on them.

THE LAST LAUGH

Why? Simply because pigeons stoutly refuse to occupy what even the little niches the modern flats can find for them. They chirp from rooftops and waddle down the streets, upsetting well-regulated motorists.

But the pigeons had the last laugh. When the fire brigade got them, they escaped and say: "Let that be a lesson."

STARTING TODAY... AN ENTHRALLING TALE OF HEROISM

A DARE.....
A CRASH.....

And the Bader story began

IN reticent official terms the report of the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell on Flight Cadet Douglas Bader summed him up neatly: "Plucky, capable, headstrong."

His flying rating was "above average," which is RAF understatement for a natural pilot (the only higher rating is "exceptional," which is such a rarity as to be almost a myth).

Then the postings: "P/O Bader, D.R.S., to 23 Squadron, Kenley."

He rode his motorcycle to London and traded it in for his first car, a second-hand Austin Seven that looked like a lacquered biscuit box on pram wheels. In this, on an August morning in 1930, he drove to Kenley, brimming with content.

No. 23 Squadron flew Gloster Gamecock fighters. Top speed was 156 mph. But the stumpy fuselage made her the most agile little aeroplane in the RAF.

For the past two years two of 23 Squadron's Gamecocks had been picked to do the combined aerobatics at Hendon pageant. Bader decided he wanted to be one of those two pilots next time.

Life was idyllic, with flying, games and fellowship, buttressed by the tangible prestige and comfort of a permanent commission from Cranwell. Most of all he liked aerobatics in the Gamecock.

That same August he arrived at Kenley he was picked for the R.A.F. cricket team.

When cricket was finished, the Harlequins, famous amateur rugby club, asked him to play in a trial game. A few weeks later he was picked for the RAF XV, and again as a fly-half he was in both senses head and shoulders above the rest.

By his 21st birthday in February 1931, his name was becoming widely identified with a sinewy, beautifully-tuned human machine that weighed 11st. 6lb. stripped, and had the temperament of a dynamo.

His present to himself was to trade in his little Austin biscuit-box for an MG sports car, which he cherished.

All other fighter squadrons now had the Bristol Bulldog or the Siskin, only 23 Squadron was left with Gamecocks, and that was partly why they were chosen again to do the combined aerobatics at Hendon that year.

C Flight Commander, Harry Day, was picked to lead the team, and all the other pilots started training hard for selection.

A nuisance



STRICT orders said they were not to go below 500 feet, though Bader made a nuisance of himself wanting to go lower. Typically, one of his favoured occupations was to do slow rolls "on the deck" at about 50 feet.

One tends to lose height in a slow roll and the engine tended to cut upside down. The trick was not to fly into the ground, and part of the charm was that to try this trick was a court-martial offence.

There were other activities—cricket, for instance. Early in June, Bader was picked to play for the Air Force again and soon there was a picture of him in the paper hitting a six almost out of the ground at the Oval.



By PAUL BRICKHILL

Later that month Day confirmed that he was to be his number two at Hendon.

The Times said that 175,000 were inside Hendon Aerodrome on the day of the display and that "hundreds of thousands of others crowded hillside and fields outside."

In bright sunshine they saw what The Times declared was "the event of the day" as Day and Bader in the Gamecocks "provided the most thrilling spectacle ever seen in exhibition flying—ten minutes full of the cleanest, trick flying, synchronised to a fraction of a second."

Women sighed



PILOT OFFICER BADER was an object for youthful hero-worship—dashing, airman, brilliant, rugged, player and cricketer—vitality, handsome, especially at a Service dance in the light blue trousers and the short mess jacket with blue silk lapels and gilt buttons. Many young women sighed over him.

Then he heard that he was on the "A List," a roster of young officers due for posting overseas.

Sitting in the pavilion at Aldenham, the pads on waiting to bat, he mentioned a little sally to Squadron Leader Brian Baker that it would probably be his last game in England for a long time.

Baker commented: "I don't think so. You probably won't be going till next year."

Bader wanted to know why and Baker said he fancied they were going to keep him at Kenley all winter to give him a chance to get his "cap" for England at rugby.

At last 23 Squadron was getting Bristol Bulldog fighters to replace Gamecocks. The Bulldog was the last word in fighters. She could do 170 m.p.h.

There were minor drawbacks; she was not as manoeuvrable as a Gamecock, for instance, being heavier, which gave her a tendency to sink faster on her back in the middle of a slow roll.

Low aerobatics were strictly banned, though some people good-humouredly ignored that.

In November a flight commander spotted Pilot Officer Bader doing low aerobatics and "beating up" the airfield. Day had him on the mat and told him crisply and at length to watch his step and not to show off. Meanwhile the Springboks had arrived from South Africa for

joke about being "windy." He made it sound like a dare.

Richardson took off first, and then a tight-lipped, angry Bader. As Phillips left the ground Bader was banking steeply, turning back, and slanting down for a low run across the field. A knot of young men watched from the clubhouse.

Just above the grass, rocking a little in the thermals, the Bulldog, engine bellowing, swept across the boundary fence, rushing at a spot beside the clubhouse. The nose lifted a fraction and she began rolling to the right.

He had the stick well over... a little top rudder to hold the nose up... stuck forward to keep it up and as she rolled upside down throttle back to keep the engine alive. He felt her starting to drop.

Stick hard over now; the wings were vertical, glinting in the sun, and she was dropping fast. Grimly he was reeling out of it fast when the left wing-tip hit the grass and jerked the nose down.

As propeller and cowling exploded into the ground the engine tore out, bouncing in a cloud of flying dirt and the Bulldog seemed to crumple and cartwheel into a tangle very fast. Flashed by his straps, Bader did not feel anything but heard only a terrible noise.

All the airfield was suddenly still, except for the fierce boil of dust round the awkward heap in the middle that looked like crushed brown paper. As the dust began to drift the men by the clubhouse were running.

Everything was still



AFTER the noise everything was suddenly quiet and still. The cockpit was tilted. That was odd; it leaned him sideways. He must have crashed; but it was only a hazy idea and not very interesting because pain was stabbing him back.

Slowly it ebbed, leaving a passive torpor and sitting in the straps, hands in his lap, he was placidly aware of the cockpit; beyond that, nothing.

Gently as the mind came into focus he was aware that his knees were buzzing. The eyes wandered down and absorbed



The propeller and cowling exploded into the ground. The engine tore out, but, pinned by his straps, Bader did not feel anything...

with curiosity that his legs were in peculiar positions. At least his right leg was. He could not see the left leg and forgot about it. (It had buckled under the collapsed seat so that he was sitting on it).

His right foot was tucked over in the far, right-hand corner and the clean white overalls were torn at the knees and staining with blood that was pumping in slow little squirts and spreading in filmy waves.

There was his knee through the blood, and something sticking through it. Looked a bit like the rudder bar. Very odd. He regarded it in an abstracted way, and for a while it made no impact until an ugly thought crystallised: "Damn! I won't be able to play rugby on Saturday."

Although Bader's condition seemed hopeless, Leonard Joyce, one of the leading surgeons in England, operated the same day, amputating the right leg above the smashed knee. It was two days before Bader regained consciousness, and then Joyce took off the left leg six inches below the knee. For days Bader hovered between life and death.

The impact of losing his legs never hit Bader in one moment, or even in a day or a week. The realisation formed slowly in a doped mind, which was merciful.

Against the agonising urgency of the pain it was only a detail, and when the pain ebbed and allowed other things to matter his feelings were cushioned by dope that left him floating easily and somewhat detached in a tranquil unreal present, unmindful of any future.

Christmas Day was a blank to him. So were the next two days. Joyce was still afraid he would die from either thrombosis or sepsis.

ROSSELLINI'S TRIUMPH

From Sydney Smith

INGRID Bergman, in a plain sack cloth gown, her wrists manacled, stepped down from a blazing smoldering stake on the Paris Opera stage this week to take on curtain calls for her latest version of Joan of Arc. Today Paris critics are calling her "France's own Joan".

Husband Roberto Rossellini, producer of this newest version of the Maid of Orleans story, took only one of the calls with his wife. But if the applause from the 2,000 gain audience, led by France's President Coty, was anything to judge by, Roberto, from behind the scenes, had stolen the show from Ingrid. For this new production, which Rossellini hopes to stage next in London, is judged in Paris as one of his most brilliant efforts.

There is no scenery, yet it is the most dramatic and colourful scenic spectacle that has come to Paris for years.

The cast of 300 consists of almost all singers, yet more singing comes from the auditorium and behind the scenes than from the stage.

Rossellini has taken hold of the piece—a poem of Paul Claudel set to music by Arthur Honegger—and treated it with trick lighting effects that switch the scenes as swiftly as a film. In fact, Rossellini has brought the 3-D sound and screen technique to the stage.

From backstage, like an orchestra chief, he supervised a battery of switchboards that blatted out 50 actors in a countryside scene and substituted 50 more in a royal

palace just as fast as he could have done it on film. From the blackness of the vast and seemingly empty opera stage, he put on and switched off ten different and crowded scenes of breathless splendour, each one in less time than President Coty could have taken in turning over a page of his programme.

The scenes told the nightmare and mystic story of the great moments of her life. They rose before Joan as the flames climbed towards her.

The last is a remarkable climax. There is the Bergman Joan in a moment at the stake. Slowly being killed by the smoke and flames. Suddenly the crowds in Rouen market place watching her, the stake and the fire are gone. And there alone, like a slim white flame is Joan, slowly rising to 30 feet above stage level.

To all who have had a 'shot' of penicillin



by JOHN DEANE POTTER

THE China Mail today looks over the shoulder of the man whose name will always be associated with one of the great healing discoveries of the century.

He is Sir Alexander Fleming, Nobel Prize winner and one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

The story of his discovery is now modern history. One September afternoon in 1928, in his green-walled room in St Mary's Hospital overlooking Strand Street, near Paddington Station, he was growing virulent germs in glass dishes when a speck of dust came floating through the window.

It settled in one of the glass dishes. He examined it with his microscope and identified it as mould spore called Penicillium Notatum. He noted it stopped bacteria from growing.

The meticulous scientist, the son of an Ayshire farmer, published a paper on it—that was 25 years ago.

And then Fleming's discovery was taken up by two other men—the Australian research scientist Howard Florey, and his colleague Boris Ernst Chain.

Florey and Chain read Fleming's paper. And after years of research they managed to make pure penicillin.

Then came the day of the 50 mice. They were injected with the germ which causes wound infection. Half of them were then given injections of penicillin. The others were not.

This is Florey's account of that day: "We sat up all night injecting penicillin every three hours to the treated group. I confess it was one of the most exciting moments when I found in the morning that all the treated mice were dead—and the treated ones were alive."

Research scientists are unworriedly remote creatures as they brood with inhuman concentration over plates in their laboratories.

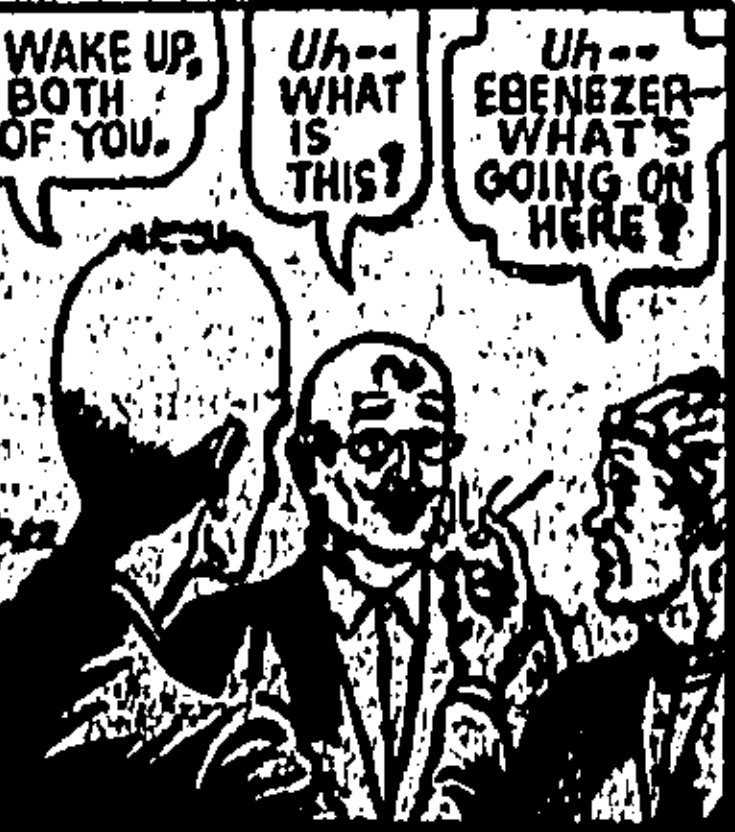
Fortunately Fleming and Florey were both married 10 years ago. And the following year Florey's wife, Dr. Helen, shared the Nobel Prize with him.

KEY

At Platinum loop being held in place in order to sterilise before taking bacteria. B: Bacterium burner. C: Test tubes containing bacterial cultures. D: Culture plates (Petri dishes) containing agar jelly which when placed in incubator at blood heat sustains the growth of bacteria. E: Incubator. F: Microscope with Cellophane cover (holding Fleming's penicillin). G: Bacteria containing staining material to distinguish various bacteria. H: Dishes for testing penicillin's effect on various bacteria. I: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. J: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. K: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. L: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. M: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. N: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. O: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. P: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. Q: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. R: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. S: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. T: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. U: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. V: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. W: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. X: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. Y: Diagram of Fleming's discovery. Z: Diagram of Fleming's discovery.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



BICYCLE METHODS AT CAMBRIDGE

I had been decided that I should go to Clare College, one of the smaller colleges at Cambridge. The master, Dr Thirkell, was quite a young man.

I was to specialise in International Law and Economics. I was to have plenty of time for sports and other activities, and had permission to go up to London whenever necessary.

I was also given the exceptional privilege of using a car. My rooms were on the second floor, overlooking the old courtyard.

The living-room was vast and, as the undergraduate who had last had the rooms had left some furniture behind, there was no need for me to provide any.

I bought a gown, but later found that according to tradition one always wore an old gown passed on from some predecessor. I unearthed a very old, moth-eaten one left in one of the cupboards in my room by the accommodating former occupant, and very proudly wore it on my first dinner in Hall.

I WANDERED around rather like a yokel come to town. The great number of rules and traditions made me constantly afraid of doing the wrong thing.

I did a very "green" thing. I bought an expensive bicycle with gear shift, a dynamo, powered headlight, and a lock and chain to secure it.

To my dismay, a few days later, I found that it was nowhere to be seen. I was most upset and expressed my resentment at this theft to a fellow student. He told me not to make such a fuss as this was quite a usual occurrence—he had lost three bicycles already.

We were both free and he said magnanimously: "Come with me and we'll find you another one."

After we had walked around for half an hour seeking a respectable machine we decided to adjourn for a beer. We were just finishing our second pint when two other students came into the bar, and I could see through the window that they had left just the bicycle I wanted on the kerb.

My friend and I paid up and went to investigate.

The owner had not even bothered to put a lock on the bicycle, so I drove away on it there and then, and that is how I got my second bike!

By this generally accepted Cambridge method I later lost and acquired three further bikes.

A ROYAL TOUR FOR 18/2d.

BERNARD WICKSTEED CANTERS BACK INTO THE PAST

QUITE by chance I became a Canterbury Pilgrim this week—and all through a set of comic teeth made of orange peel 88 years ago.

The history teacher caught young Wicksteed in class with the ghastly contraption in his mouth, and instead of giving him six of the best, she made him go to the front of the class and deliver the rest of the lesson himself—without removing the teeth.

What happened then may not have been history. In the academic sense but it is still remembered by another boy in the class who wrote to me out of the blue and asked if I was still an historian!

He had just opened an exhibition on the history of Canterbury and wanted me to go to see it. So I bought a ticket for Canterbury at Victoria (18s.

cussion and comradeship. I later became a member of the Socialist Club, and must admit that I was rather looked on as a freak.

I mostly went out of college for evening discussions or had gatherings in my own room. Unfortunately all guests had to be out of Clare by midnight, and no girl was allowed there after 9 p.m.

Many of my friends were students of the London School of Economics, then evacuated to Cambridge, and they were gloriously free of regulations in comparison with the rest of us.

The University Air Squadron, based just outside Cambridge, accepted me as a member and occasionally I could steal a few hours of dual instruction on a Tiger Moth.

This was the first time I had any training for flying, and it was carried out behind the backs of the many people who were against my flying, including the members of my Government.

Whenever I had a chance during week-ends I used to go to the neighbouring R.A.F. bomber stations, which had Link trainers, and tried through them to get the "feel" and reactions of a real aeroplane.

This made me extremely good at flying by instruments, and when I eventually started really serious training, in the beginning of 1943, I was completely lost, for it was quite a different thing.

Here I needed visual judgment of space and distance, whereas I had previously flown with my eyes glued to the instruments.

OUR college organised a tour to manage air-raid precautions. Because of my extensive experience with engines and pumps I had the nicest of the jobs—that of operating the pump-motor.

I had to take care that it was always in a very good condition, remember how one night the German bombers had already crossed Cambridge when the alarm went, and by the time that we had our pump ready for action the "All Clear" was sounding.

A few times a week I went up to London by car, a journey I succeeded in covering in a minimum time of one hour seven minutes. I often gave a lift to friends.

I met Dr Bone, at his London residence. This encounter with the vital heir to Masaryk, former of Czechoslovakia, was a very cheering one for me just then. He was full of optimism about my position and prophesied that the war would soon be over and a few more months would see me back in Belgrade.

When, the following year, I visited him with his troops at Leamington, I reminded him of his earlier over-optimism. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Dear friend," he said, "if not this year, then the next."

Before the Christmas festivities Uncle Bertie had arranged that I should join the Guards' Armoured Brigade in Wiltshire. Sir Oliver Leese was preparing this brigade for overseas.

Instead of teaching history with orange-peel teeth this old school friend of mine does it with gay-coloured paintings and models and calls it "The Living Past."

In Same Place I found it rather like going on another royal tour, only instead of travelling with the same monarch to a lot of different places I stayed in the same place with a lot of different monarchs.

Royal processions do not seem to change much. Every six years, the painting of Charles the Great is changed.

My job was to command a troop of antiquated cruiser tanks which worked well when well-serviced. Unfortunately I spent most of the time servicing them. I took part in many manoeuvres and got quite a lot of information about future tank tactical warfare.

It occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to get some of our men in Alexandria to join the brigade in North Africa against Rommel.

Our men were eventually sent to Malta and trained as occupation troops. They later joined in the operation of the Dodecanese Islands.

I was invited to speak at the Defence Committee luncheon on December 17 and gave a lengthy address on Yugoslavia and her problems.

In his address, King Peter made these remarks about Yugoslav conditions in 1940 and early 1941:

"THE Press was not merely controlled. It was wholly subservient to the official direction which covered the least detail of its work. The newspapers were compelled to publish as their own both leading articles and commentaries sent to them by various Ministers."

"Public opinion, which had no opportunity to express itself either at the elections, or by the printed word, was thus completely suppressed. The Budget of a country whose population numbered 16,000,000 was drawn up by the Government alone."

"The people, who had to bear the whole burden of taxation, were allowed no say or supervision of any kind."

"Although masses of my people are being daily shot or hanged, although hundreds of villages and towns are being reduced to ruins, although their sufferings are unpalpable, the people still do not regret their decision to take the side of honour and freedom on March 27, 1941."

"Even if they had accepted meekly the decision the Regency wanted to impose on them, my people would not have preserved their country's independence, just as Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria failed to do."

"On the contrary, my people would have been forced today to shed their blood on the Russian front and to fight against Britain and the United States of America; to fight against their brothers and against their friends, against their own liberty."

DURING Christmas term I contacted 28 young Yugoslav officers who had escaped from German prison camps. It was my ambition to make a really tough commando unit of them, and with this end I invited them to Gransden to give them some idea of the British training.

The majority of them had commando training in Wales and North Scotland and were finally shipped to the Middle East as instructors, while just a few trained as parachutists and were later dropped to Mihailovich to strengthen his shock troops.

During the Christmas holiday, at the suggestion of Uncle Bertie, I spent a month with the Guards' Tank Brigade at their

training headquarters at Warminster, near Salisbury, under Brigadier Allan Adder.

I spent lots of time driving about in cruiser tanks and scout cars. I enjoyed being with the men, and was impressed by the veracity of the non-commissioned officers, who seemed to know more than the officers in many cases.

I found on the whole that I was more in my element with the tougher battalion of Scots Guards, despite the fine qualities of the officers from the English nobility.

In January, 1942, difficulties with my Government under Prime Minister Simovic came to a head. The members of the Government, fundamentally against having a general as Prime Minister, resented more and more Simovic's undiplomatic military manners.

The one most against him was Nintchich, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Half of the Government resigned in exasperation, and Simovic got a vote of non-confidence.

The Government agreed that I should give a mandate to Yovanovitch, up to then Deputy Prime Minister. I did this on January 10, 1942, when Simovic retired from his position and was put in reserve.

On the same day Mihailovich was made Minister of War. This was in recognition of him as the outstanding guerrilla leader representing our military interests in Yugoslavia. The British, too, were pleased to recognise him as Minister of War.

IN a speech at the Guildhall, Cambridge, I thanked the people who had made our Anglo-Yugoslav Week possible, and said:

"I cannot refrain from telling you of a vivid contrast that presses on my mind. It is the picture of our own university towns of Belgrade, Zagreb, and Ljubljana."

"The universities and colleges are closed to our young men and women. The students suffer from the most painful restrictions of movement and free thought. And how many of them have lost their lives through loyalty?"

"I often think as I sit in my quiet rooms at Clare College of the untrivial liberties which you enjoy. I remind you of the tragic happenings in my country not to harass you, but to express the hope that you will preserve the freedom which is yours and is so palpable to anyone who comes among you."

I went several times to the Allied Officers' Club in London, and it was at one of their parties at Grosvenor House that I was first introduced to Princess Alexandra of Greece.

Our friendship began casually enough. I remember I was worrying about the speech that was expected of me, and one of the first things I said to her was, "Whatever shall I say in my speech?" and she obligingly suggested a few topics.

Nevertheless this was a fateful meeting, and when I went back to Cambridge the same day I was already in love.

I next met Alexandra at a cocktail party given for Greeks and Yugoslavs at the home of the Secretary for the Colonies, Sir William Emery, a very good friend of the Princess.

They probably said Henry looked radiant too. That is more than they could truthfully say about Queen Elizabeth I on her fortieth birthday, when she drove through Canterbury to a banquet. She wore a red wig and, because her teeth were as black as ink, she did not choose to smile—at least not in this exhibition.

The reason pilgrims went to Canterbury was to see the shrine of St Thomas a Becket, the murdered Archbishop, and there is a model of it surrounded by characters from Chaucer.

William's Cross I could not help thinking of the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy when the Queen went to see in Ceylon. A pilgrim's religious, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion.

Afterwards Pilgrim Wicksteed, knowing much more than he did before, went to the new library that has just been opened. They have a document there signed by William the Conqueror with a cross because he could not write. It is a good bold cross, unlike the feminine one underneath by his (also illiterate) queen.

I saw another document signed by William de Tracy, the knight who killed Thomas a Becket with a swipe of his two-handed sword. It says that on account of the love he bore for King Henry (the man he had just murdered) he was making over to the Church the estates he owned in Devon. He got away with it too.

And so with a few more documents, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion.

And so with a few more documents, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion, a different kind of devotion.

CHAPTER 9 PERSONAL STORY OF EX-KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA

We were unworshipping guests and instead of mingling with the others, sat in a corner together, deep in conversation.

We talked on absorbedly, oblivious of the many people who, anxious to go, had to wait until we realised that we were outstaying our welcome. We arranged to meet again some time later, and passed an agreeable evening at the theatre, after which we had supper with Lady Cholmondeley.

THE Princess came to Cambridge to do nursery training for the English Red Cross. We had dinner together at one of the few places where a real steak could be found, despite the war.

Later we met in London and had lunch with my mother. We passed the afternoon by going first to the cinema in town, and then to a dinner with a private cinema show given by Alexandra's cousin, Prince Pavlovsk.

Later we drove back to Cambridge with a detective in the same car, whose sobering presence rather spoiled things. I showed the Princess round Cambridge, took her to see my rooms and introduced her to my friends.

I was deeply moved by Alexandra's grace and beauty and by her life, which, like mine, had been dramatically affected by the political strife that had reigned in the Balkan countries throughout our lifetimes.

She was born on March 25, 1921, five months after the death of her father, King Alexander of Greece. He had been bitten by a monkey belonging to his servants, while rescuing it from an angry dog in his garden at Tassos. He got blood poisoning and, due to the incompetence of court doctors, after a lot of suffering died a most painful death in October 1920.

Alexandra lived in Greece until her country fell under the dictatorship of Venizelos after the unsuccessful war against the Turks.

THUS at the age of three Alexandra, exiled, went to Italy with her mother, seeing Florence, Rome, and Capri, and staying with Queen Sophia, whose favourite grandchild she was.

Queen Sophia was sister of the Kaiser and indeed Alexandra and her mother are the only members of the Greek Royal Family with Greek blood. Alexandra and I are both great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

Between the ages of seven and 13 Alexandra was at school in England. She attended Heathfield School, as my mother had done.

At 13 she went to a school in Paris for four years. Like all children Alexandra was not fond of school and on one occasion she really rebelled and went on a starvation strike. She was sent off to Switzerland where her customary high spirits soon returned. She was always fond of skiing and was later to win many competitions in this sport.

When war broke out in 1939 she worked in Paris with the

paper "Figaro," helping with correspondence and a parcel scheme for prisoners of war.

Alexandra then went to Nice, Rome, and Venice until war with Greece was declared, when she travelled through to Greece in a nightmare journey, without food or water, on the diplomatic train with other Greeks leaving Italy at that moment. On Belgrade station, where the train had a two-hour stop, she met Aunt Olga, Prince Paul's wife.

Once back in her own country, Alexandra embarked on a full programme of war work. In the mornings she did hospital work, most often washing and bandaging patients, many of whom had gangrene.

She spent many afternoons visiting other hospitals, and three times a week served in a canteen for English officers. When the Germans marched in she left Greece with the rest of the Royal Family, by an English plane in the middle of the night, calling at Crete, which was undergoing a terrible bombardment, and from there she went to Alexandria, where there was more bombing.

ALEXANDRA then sailed for Durban in the liner Nieuw Amsterdam and went by train from there to Capetown. While most of the ladies in the party stayed there, she went on to London with her mother, her two uncles, and the Greek Government.

In England she once more took up work at the St James's Red Cross Training Centre and worked also at the American centre, and she was thus occupied when I met her.

One of our first acquaintances was King Haakon of Norway. I first met him on an official occasion when he made a striking picture with his size and his magnificent naval uniform. During the course of our conversation, I asked him how he would like to be addressed, and, as I heard most of his family calling him "Uncle Charles," asked him if he would like it.

"I am no uncle of yours, I am a cousin," he replied. "Call me Cousin Charles if you like, though I am twice removed." From then he was known to my fiancée and myself as "the removed cousin."

King Haakon has a peculiarly young outlook on life, which made him seem of the same generation as my wife and myself, and we have always been fond of him; he later proved to be a very good friend to us.

(King Peter continues his story next Saturday).

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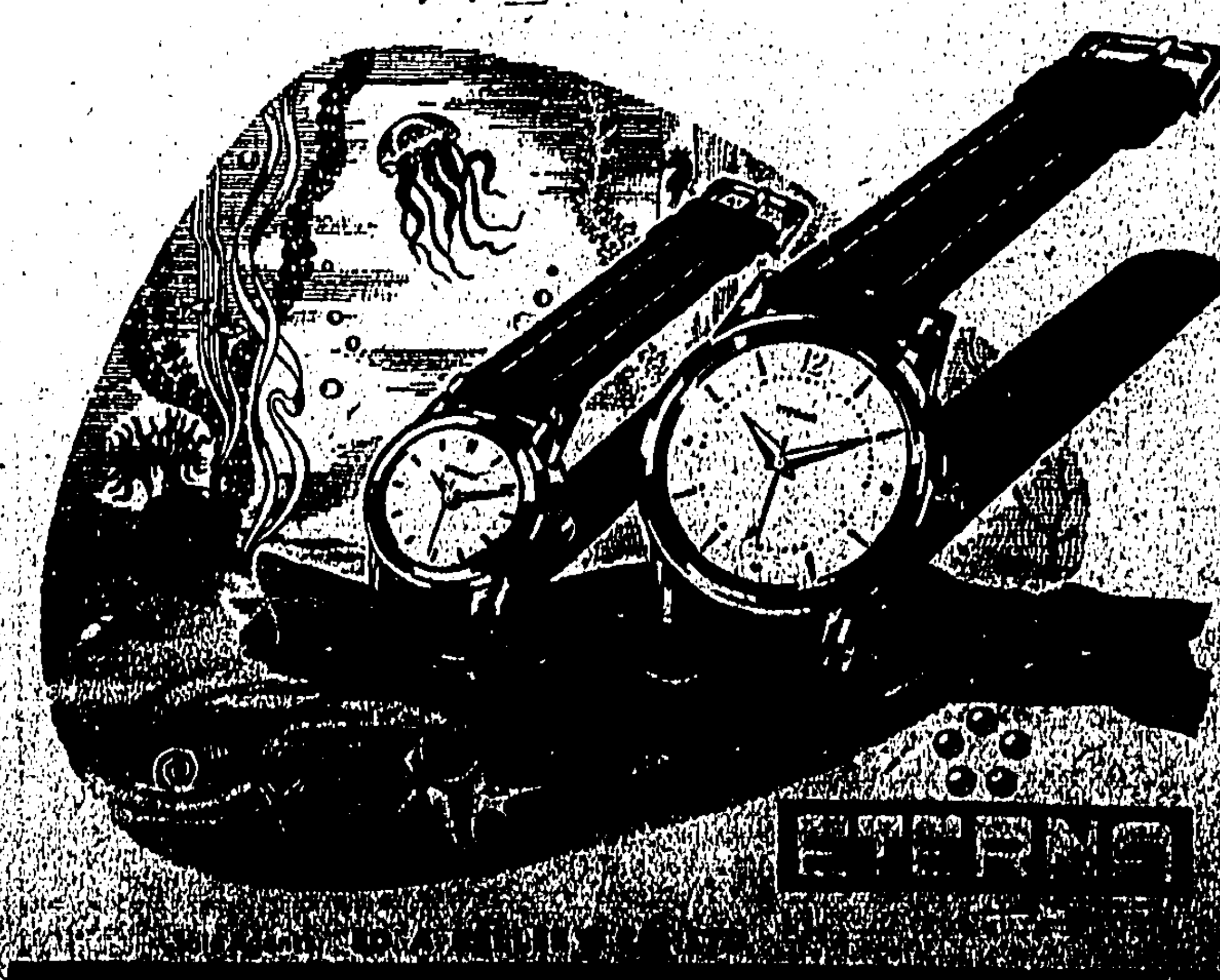
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THE advertisement in the greyhound paper looked harmless enough. It read: "Dog for sale, £100—trial Harringay 30.20."

An address in Cardiff was given. The name of the advertiser was also published. It was a fake name. The real owner of the dog was Maurice Williams.

What was the object of this carefully worded offer? It was part of an elaborate trail to provide a background for a greyhound that never existed.

I was preparing my greatest dog-ringing operation. The greyhound advertised in the paper was invented as part of one of my most ingenious schemes.

What at first appears to be an Alice-in-Wonderland plot was in fact a most serious and carefully planned operation. This is how it worked.

The alibi

I BOUGHT a well-known greyhound. I acquired him from a trainer who was conveniently ill at the time and never saw the purchaser.

This greyhound then "disappeared." He did not race on any track after I bought him.

In the meantime I was carefully and precisely building up a whole dossier on a fictitious dog. The crack greyhound was intended to race under the name of the dog-that-never-was. No one would know his form and I would make in a large sum.

But above all the dog's alibi must be cast iron. First I must provide evidence of a fictitious sale of this non-existent dog by one imaginary owner to another. Hence the advertisement in the paper.

This was to ensure that if any suspicious-minded stewards ever began to question the greyhound's identity the trail would not lead back to me.

Because I planned to bring off a grand coup on a famous licensed track instead of the small and comparatively easy-to-rob flapping tracks.

In two trials at Park Royal the dog clocked up speeds of 27.24 and 27.78 over 475 yards. This was not surprising when you remember he had already won a number of major events on licensed tracks.

ROBERT YOUNG BEGINS TO RUN HIS RAILWAY

By Evelyn Irons

NEW YORK. BABY-FACED, 5ft. 6in. Robert R. Young (his nickname was "Rail-Road" from the start) has taken over control of the New York Central, the world's second largest privately-owned railway.

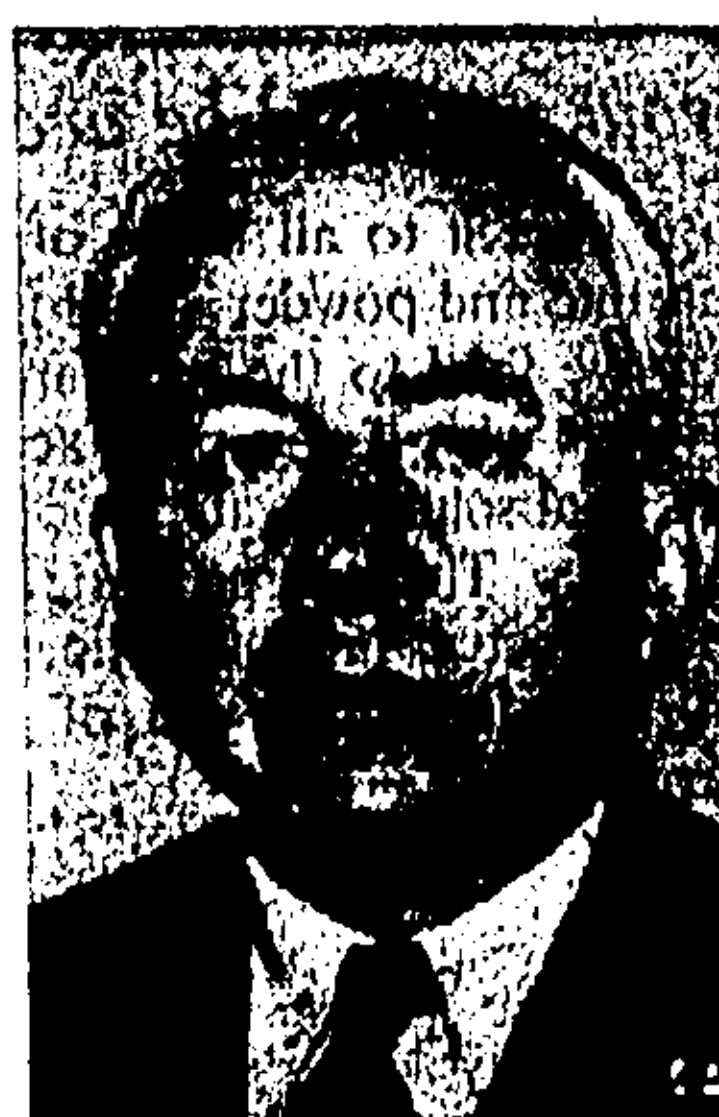
Despite his initials, he is not a railroadman born. He was never a guard or a stoker and he never fulfilled the boyhood dream of being an engine-driver.

When Young declared war on the board of directors of the New York Central early this year, it was the House of Morgan that he assailed.

J. P. Morgan and Co. have their partners or their men on the boards of most of America's leading banks and steel companies: of General Motors and duPont; of railways. Young once said that the House of Morgan was even more powerful than the government—so he decided to take a crack at its empire in the Central. Last February Young, who controlled the railway's largest stockholding, was turned down by the directors when he asked to be named head of the company.

Battle Was On

The battle was on. To win the votes of the 41,000 shareholders with their 6,447,111 shares, Young, president of the Central Terminal in New York, spent 2,000,000 dollars in New York and its environs. But



ROBERT R. YOUNG

propaganda. Young, promptly suing him, said it ought not to come from the company but be shared by the defending directors.

I asked Young how much his own side had spent in advertising his claims. "About a quarter of that," he retorted. "And it will be shared by me and the rest of my board."

To one accustomed to the gritty discomfort of so many British trains and the smelly gloom of the typical London station the gleaming metal coaches, often air-conditioned, and the vast, brightly lit spaces of the Grand Central Terminal in New York are impressive. But

Young snorts that there is plenty of room for the improvements he means to make in his campaign to lure the cash customers from the airlines and from the roads. They include:

Better passenger accommodation, with lower-slung and lighter railroad cars.

A single reservation bureau enabling passengers to book places by telephone and pay for their tickets on the trains, thus eliminating ticket-office queues.

A new air brake "to give less shocking rides, and save millions in maintenance."

Writes Own Ads

Son of a Texas banker, Bob Young is nobody's preconceived idea of a multi-millionaire railway tycoon. At 37, blond, white-headed and gentle-voiced, he is a great reader of poetry whose favourites are Emily Dickinson, Edgar Allan Poe and Robert Louis Stevenson. He writes poetry too. He also writes many of his own pungently worded advertisements himself.

"Aggressive selling" is a favourite watchword of his, and a favourite argument is that "you can go six times as far by rail as you can by air" before being mistakenly misled by the media.

He does not smoke, drinks only an occasional glass of wine. He is a keen bird-watcher, plays golf and billiards, enjoys bridge and hates canasta. "My best work is done in an hour's walk along the seashore," he says, "but if the ordinary salaried business executive worked that way he would be fired."

Although he inherited 25,000 dollars from his grandfather, his \$18 million fortune is self-made: he never would work in his father's bank, and his first job was as a 25-cent an hour "powder-monkey" in a duPont ammunition factory.

His first million was made, it is said, by selling short in the 1929 market crash. He first burst into railways in 1937, when he and his associates bought the Allegheny Corporation, then in the doldrums, for 4,000,000 dollars and in five years made it pay.

He starts his job of overhauling the New York Central with confidence. "A dollar invested in American railroads," he says, "now is the most hazardous, can become the soundest dollar in America."

JOHNNY HAZARD



Concluding I AM THE RINGER . . . by MAURICE WILLIAMS

Well, they got me for Francasal but—

I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT SWITCHING HORSES WAS NOT AS COMPLICATED AS . . .



MY LIFE WITH THE PHANTOM DOG . . .

END OF THE ROAD . . . The race is run and the Francasal case is about to end. Arrive! Lewis's impression of the Old Bailey scene shows (from left) Henry George Keldus, bookmaker (three years), talking to Mr. Ash-Lincoln, Q.C. Victor Colquhoun Dill, clerk (nine months), Williams (two years), Gomer Charles, bookmaker (two years), and William Rook, racehorse owner (acquitted).

But now, with a new set of papers as the dog advertised in the greyhound paper, he was able to run as an untried newcomer.

To secure further authenticity I also found a reputable trainer to take on the dog. He, of course, was completely ignorant of the fact that the dog was not the one he was registered to be. This was typical of all my ringling operations. People who trained my dogs and others who afterwards bought them had no inkling of what I had been up to—or that the dogs were not absolutely straight.

When I decided to race the fast greyhound as the Cardiff dog I did so under the ownership of Mrs Smythe. Who was Mrs Smythe? She was a name I saw on a shop front, Mrs Smythe. Incidentally, according to the fake records, bought the dog from a certain equally elusive Mr Winter.

From Cardiff, of course. He was the man who advertised in the paper.

Both these people, of course, were entirely fictitious.

The dog won three times, twice at South Shields and once at Wolverhampton. He won his first race by 12 lengths.

This was a little too good to be true. When he won the other two races doubts began to arise in the minds of track officials.

By this time I did not care. Why should I? I had won £1,500 on the dog.

Already people had noticed that shortly after this animal had vanished from the tracks another dog whose markings were strikingly similar began to win races.

Stewards are, as I knew, suspicious men. They set about comparing the two identical books. Then the trainer was asked to produce his animal.

I moved just in time. I collected the dog by cat. Sensing trouble, I arranged for the greyhound to make a sudden reappearance in his own real name. He was sold to a man and taken to Clapton.

Later I heard the dog had been "warned off." No doubt much to his new owner's disgust.

But Mrs Smythe was never traced. Neither was Mr Winter. And neither was I.

This was my most elaborate effort as a dog ringer.

I started this career soon after I returned to the dog tracks during the war. It began the day I watched a dog running at Coventry. It was owned by an hotel proprietor who asked £600 for it.

I had noticed the dog's markings appeared, to the casual eye anyway, to be almost identical with those of another greyhound I was keeping

in the yard at the back of my home in Kentish Town.

I had decided to become a Ringer, but I found I had lost a lot of ground.

The old days were gone. There were new trainers, and many dogs failed to show true form because they had been reared so much less.

Easy go

HOW the scales of betting had changed! Those for whom a bet of £10 had once represented big money now flashed rolls of banknotes. The sky was the limit. I found it hard to get back into the swim.

There was nothing for it but to climb down the sporting ladder back to the flapping tracks. I returned to the small unlicensed tracks outside London.

Paying moderate prices of £40 or £50 a time, I bought a small string of greyhounds. For a while I was content with unspectacular returns.

Then one day at Coventry I saw the hotel proprietor's greyhound.

For a long time I had been thinking how easy it would be to race one dog in the name of the other, to substitute the good

greyhound for an indifferent runner.

That was why I paid the hotel owner his £600 in £1 notes. Then armed with his receipt I travelled to Coventry Stadium to collect my new purchase.

Back at Kentish Town I put the two dogs side by side. I was right. It was almost impossible to tell them apart.

I decided to put Little Left, as the fast dog I had bought in Coventry was called, in a race at Plymouth, in place of the other animal. This backyard dog had enjoyed a number of names in its career—one of them, sardonically, was Black Flash.

I chose Plymouth because there was good money there. And it was a track at which I was not yet well known.

I took Black Flash to Plymouth three or four times. I raced it there until its grade was lowered from a moderate to a poor one.

Netted £5,000

THE day of the switch was memorable. In most senses than one. Little Left alias Black Flash, which ran under the name of Tinvon, was entered for the second race in the card.

From trap 2 the dog won by 10 lengths. To me it was the day I pocketed £2,000. To the rest of the world it was VJ Day.

Under a variety of names—any but his own—Little Left appeared at flapping tracks as far apart as Barry in South Wales and Chester. He was "ringed" mostly as Black Flash, which now revealed, not surprisingly, a turn of speed unsuspected in his former low grade.

After eight months his usefulness was at an end. By then I had exhausted all the possible tracks. But he had served me well.

After I had paid all expenses, my first ringling netted me £5,000.

By this time I knew enough about the gambling game to trust no one. So I decided to become a trainer myself. I used the backyard of my house in Kentish Town as kennels. Hampstead Heath was my paddock and a course for trial gallops.

I was a familiar figure in all weathers, leading my little string across the Heath. I had plenty of offers of help when people saw me coming into the money. But I preferred to get up early, feed and train the dogs myself.

Only when I needed assistance for weekly "gallops" did I hire help. These were lads, usually from the local billiards saloon. I changed them frequently.

NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES THE HARPOONERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

THERE are about forty thousand different kinds of sea shells, and some people become absolutely possessed with the craze for collecting as many as possible. Some kinds are, of course, common, while others are rare, either because they come from limited localities or from far-off places.

Among the most beautiful and therefore most highly prized shells are the species of a large group known as the Cone Shells, most of which are tropical and many of the rarest of which live on coral reefs. Wealthy collectors have paid thousands of dollars for a single specimen.

Even now specimens of one, known as "The Glory of the Sea," fetch up to US\$800, and there are but three known specimens in existence. A fourth was recently stolen from the American Museum of Natural History in New York, three were destroyed during the war, and six others disappeared during the same period.

During the war, also, a few GI's who were sent to

are fleshy jaws upon which are set lines of tiny, barbed teeth made of a heavy substance. As the animal moves along, the head aways from side to side and the teeth rasp like a pair of minute files against the surface over which the animal glides. The power of these rasps in the large shells like cones has to be seen to be believed. Given time they can wear through almost anything.

In the case of the beautiful cone shells, these teeth are shaped exactly like the harpoons used by the New England whalers of old, having a sharp point, one large, backward-directed barb on one side, and many smaller barbs on the other. What is more, they can "shoot" these teeth out with great force, and since they are loosely attached to the gums at the base, they have almost the effect of tiny arrows.

They are slender and as long as needles, and they are carried in a special snout or trunk which can be extended far in front of the head. Further, these of certain kinds are linked to venom glands in the head, so that when they have punctured the enemy's body, the poison flows into the wound.

The effect of a bite from one of these shells is terrible and most unusual. According to actual medical records, the



Cone shells are highly prized by collectors, thousands of dollars being paid for a single specimen. Yet certain of these shells are more deadly than any known snake. (Photo courtesy American Museum of Natural History.)

the Pacific happened to be shell collectors, or knew about the fabulous prices offered for the cone shells. Whenever their duties permitted, they went wading along the coral reefs off Pacific islands looking for the Glory-of-the-Sea. Some of them never came back. They either did not know or were oblivious to the fact that certain of these beautiful shells are more deadly than any known snake.

It will probably come as a great surprise to the average person to learn that anything so slow and apparently helpless as a sea snail can be not only deadly poisonous but aggressive so. Rather, one would suppose that they would have to be eaten in order to do any harm. Quite the contrary, these beasts, and almost alone among all animals, actually shoot at you.

There was little chance of any more dog ringers. It was time to change.

After all it looked easy enough. I had made £10,000 by being the Ringer of the greyhound tracks.

I decided it was just as easy to do it on the racecourses. I have never been so wrong in my life.

I embarked upon the Francasal plot. It was the second of my ringings to go wrong. And it landed me where I am now—in prison.

By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Irish Fashion—Still In Its Infancy—Has Worldwide Appeal

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

I WENT to Dublin to see an Irish two-year-old. I don't mean a foal of Tulyar, Nimbus, or Arctic Prince. I wanted to see what is happening to that astonishing infant phenomenon—Irish fashion.

I wandered through the mists of Irish Inconsequence (from my hotel porter: "The sun is very warm today, you'd better take your macintosh"). Of Irish leisureliness (from the travel agent: "Ah, well, if you miss that plane there's sure to be one the day after"). Of Irish fatalism (from my driver after the second puncture in the rain: "If we get stuck on the mountain, sure we can stop the night with the Cistercian monks").

Irish! Is The Cry

And I found that in that unlikely, rain-baked, depopulated island, fashion has grown from a speck into a world influence. Today, the great Balenciaga uses Donegal tweed. An Irish evening coat can hit the cover of "Life" magazine. And in the past 15 months alone the world sales of Irish dress linen have multiplied three times over.

Irish ideas from Dublin and Cork, from Ulster and Donegal, have hit not only England and France but the toughest of all markets—the U.S.A.

The finger on the trigger is undoubtedly that of the Dublin designer Sybil Connolly, who has all the brilliance and gaiety of the Irish plus a rarer ability to canalise her talent.

In less than two years she has transformed the traditional clothes of the Irish peasant into high fashion. She has not the world's most elegant women into black shawls and red flannel and homespun balmie tweed and hand-crochet.

All 'Styled Up'

Of course these simple rustic clothes have gone through a terrific process of "styling up."

You should see what Sybil Connolly and her colleagues have done with Donegal tweed. Until now these tweeds have seemed inevitably coarse, heavy and harsh, and the colours, though they had a sort of primitive beauty, had nothing at all to do with fashion.

(Not surprising, when you have seen them being hand-woven in the lonely, tumbledown, white-washed cottages, where strong tea stews forever on the stove, the hens stray into the kitchen, and the weaver may never have travelled more than a donkey-ride's distance from his home.) But her new tweeds are wonderfully light and soft, and the colours are fashion colours: ink-blue, charcoal, and a warm dark red.

I asked Sybil Connolly to tell me about the collection she is making now to show this month, and I found that the spring of native ideas doesn't show a sign of drying up. Her next show will be as Irish as the last.

Surprises

I promised not to tell you what her new colour is—but it's a native one. The fabrics will be killed tweed, black velvet, and white linen.

She is working on Celtic Jewellery: very rough, uncut beads, earrings and bracelets of Connemara marble. She wants to make a dinner dress of natural balmie with green marble jewellery.

"It may be a terrible flop," she says, for none of the jewellery is ready yet. "But I want it to come off."



BIGGEST SURPRISE: She is working on men's things. The first samples have arrived in America and caused plenty of talk. The snob shops like Abercrombie and Fitch are writing to order them.



Irish linen over petticoats: a summer dress by Cork designer Elizabeth James.

files, flax flowers, game-bird feathers; and working on linens in Celtic prints.

I saw many of these ideas in an embryonic state; some of them will come off, some will be discarded, but for the best of them I forecast an immense success.

After I had visited Sybil Connolly, seen some of the fabrics being woven and finished, I went south to Cork, where another designer, Elizabeth James, is working on the collection she will show in Dublin and London this month.

Promising Trends

Out of many good designs and fresh ideas, I fastened on two trends-with-a-future.

ONE: I loved her dinner clothes, for the autumn, in dark grey Irish flannel. I share her belief in warm evening clothes for winter.

She has used this flannel for short dinner dresses with low

evening necklines but covered arms; and for fitted tailored coats so elegantly cut that they are more for evening than for day.

TWO: She has a wonderful idea for jersey dresses made with loose hoods. For day, you wear the dress with a coat over it, and pull the hood up instead of a hat. For evening, you let the hood down and it falls into an off-shoulder cowl neckline.

This over-the-head look stems from the Irish shawl. The Irish women wear them over their heads in a graceful, Madonna-like way, and somehow a baby always seems to be comfortably folded into one corner.

And now for that question you always shoot at me—can you buy these Irish clothes?

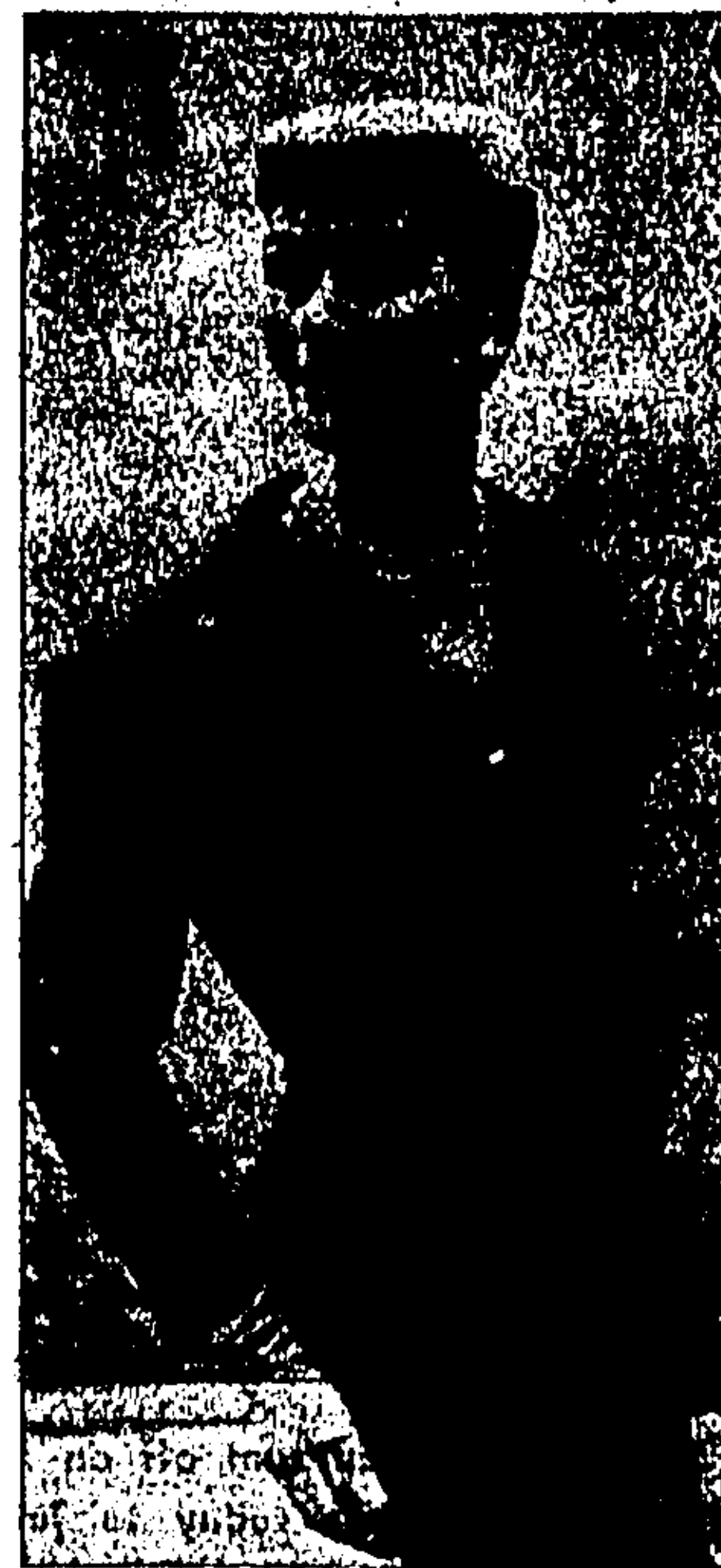
Yes, some of them can be bought in England, but that isn't the point of this story. I regard it as part of my job to report fashion everywhere, whether it's available or not.

Italian fashion started as a trickle, and swelled to a tidal wave. Irish fashion isn't on anything like that scale. But I think you should know about it while it's young.

Sybil Connolly shows what can be done with Irish fabrics, from the humblest to the best, from kitchen linen to first-class tweed.

Left: almost for a joke, she makes a summer evening dress of Irish tweed, striped in all colours. It is of the simplest possible cut, with a matching stole.

Right: a superb suit of the new soft, fine Donegal tweed in ink-blue, striped in white, with a huge collar.



THE BEGUM'S SECRETS

By EILEEN ASCROFT

London, June 18. WHY is it that one woman wins the Ascot fashion stakes year after year? Even since the French beauty, Yvette Labrousse, married the Aga Khan nine years ago we have read, with almost monotonous regularity: "The Begum was the smartest woman there."

It was the same story at this year's Ascot. On Wednesday she was a dazzling figure in pure white from top to toe. Her Gold Cup day outfit was white again, in re-embroidered lace, with large straw that swathed with chiffon, and white umbrellas.

ELEMENTARY ---

The fashion secrets of this tall and striking brunette are so elementary that they could be followed by any woman.

First SIMPLICITY. She never looks overdressed or spoils her outfit with fussy accessories.

She possesses some of the most fabulous jewellery in the world but rarely wears more than two pieces at a time. A three-string choker of large matched pearls is her favourite necklace. She wore it at Ascot each day.

Secondly, COLOUR CONSCIOUSNESS. She knows that black and white are the most dramatic and flattering colours to beautiful features, and rarely varies this combination.

In 1932 I remember her in a simple white silk dress and an enormous black cartwheel hat. In 1931 she wore white again, with large black polka dots and black hat underlined with white. In 1933, when the weather was tempestuous, she chose a faultless black suit, small, black veiled hat and dazzling white gloves and blouse.

EAST-TO-WEST HAT

Her third secret is NOT STEALING HER OWN LIME-LIGHT. She concentrates the drama of her ensemble in one place, such as a picture hat, an unusual jewel, or a piece of exquisite embroidery.

At the Cannes International Film Festival last year she stole the fashion limelight from the over-dressed stars by turning up in a white silk dress gorgeously embroidered with black beads. And her only accessories were long black gloves, and pearl drop earrings.

She realises that lovely feminine shoulders do not need adorning with heavy necklaces.

My other nomination for the best-dressed woman on Ascot Gold Cup day was Lady Shawcross in an elegant cream silk princess dress, patterned with black and white. Her green dress, topped with a champagne silk sash, was liked to match the dress. Her dress east-to-west was a black velvet dress with a white sash.

Must go this year to the French Riviera to see the Begum in her new dress, a cut, well-pressed, black and white dress, an unusually wide grey skirt, and a necklace in

multi-coloured, but extremely neat, hounds tooth pattern, outstanding among the average plain grey neckwear.

If I had to award a booby prize, I regret that it would go to the Duke of Marlborough. His veteran grey morning outfit looked in the past of fashion, while his cloth-topped boots were frayed at the buttonholes.

MAYFAIR SNIPS

Princess Alexandra's fringe, appearing at Ascot recently, has started scissors snipping in Mayfair.

Debutantes are rushing to copy the soft, curly hairdo of their glamorous contemporaries.

The fringe is a pretty style if your face is oval or heart-shaped. But if your features are square or round, it's better left alone.

If you're under 21, like Zoe Newton, part, blonde model who has stolen most of the fashion photographs in the last three months, a cute, straight fringe flatters a retreating nose.

If you're not so young, it can be a successful disguise for lines on the forehead.

Another famous name who has adopted the wear-it-it-gulls-you fringe is actress Ingrid Bergman, making her stage debut in Paris a fortnight ago. Most faithful fringe cut devotees is, of course, Mamie "bongas" Eisenhower, wife of the President of America.

MINK! NO

A week's quiz among women of all ages on what they want from life reveals the following feminine daydreams: First, considerate, faithful husband. Second, health and beauty. And third, enough money not to have to worry any more.

Runners-up are mink coats, world trips, reliable domestic helps, slim figures and washing machines.

have been reading in McCall's Magazine one of the Duchess of Windsor's ideas, which is described in a new biography that has been written by Geoffrey Boccia.

This is how she decorated her summer home on the Riviera: "The Duchess had done a magnificent job on the chateau's redecoration. In many of the rooms the Duchess played on the contrasting effect of blues and whites, and in doing so made a lasting impact on Riviera fashion. The rooms had a blue and white motif."

GUESTS JOIN IN

"The cocktail bar at the tip of the house was blue and white and cocktails were served in blue and white glasses. The breakfast trays which the servants brought to the guests' bedrooms would be white with blue cups or blue with white cups."

"The Duchess invariably wore blue and white, and although she was very good at good a

game, and soon her women guests were sitting at the "cocktail" bar in blue and white."

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GROWING OLD TOGETHER

By W. W. BAUER, M. D.

GROWING old together can be beautiful, or it can be unspeakably ugly. A successful marriage in old age must be based on the foundations laid in earlier life.

Marriages built primarily on sex are never the best, and they tend to go to pieces at about the time of the woman's menopause and the man's middle age, if not earlier. Or they deteriorate into a snapping and snarling endurance contest, with the husband critically nasty about his wife's lost beauty, her "slipping" as a housekeeper, or her cooking; being rude to her friends, belligerent toward friendly visitors; generally putting forth that little extra effort that makes the difference between being difficult and being impossible.

A woman of spirit does not take this sort of thing meekly and she has a string or two to her bow. She is not reticent about her spouse as an "ornament"

to his home, with his stinking pipe, his unshaven face, dirty shirt and generally unwashed hair. Along with him, she abominates his dog (maybe he hates her cat in return), and maybe she banishes them both to the basement. There are innumerable ways in which two determined, experienced and not unintelligent people can irritate each other, expertly.

The common lyrical portrayal of two sweet, white-haired old folks sitting by the fire or gazing into the sunset, holding hands, is not the right answer, either. What a bore that would be!

KEEP ACTIVE

The modern concept of growing old applies to doing so together as well as alone. It calls for the maintenance of an intelligent and often active interest in what is going on in the world. If retire-

ment is involved, it means retiring to something interesting, and not merely from something. It means, not an empty void, but a life filled with things worth doing.

It means maintaining independence of children as long as physical and financial capacities permit. A home, an apartment, or a membership in a well-managed home for the aged, is the best solution. Let the neighbours talk. The old people and their children and grandchildren will be happier if they are visitors in the homes of the younger generation, not residents. It is time that some of the hokey sentimentalism about "making a home for my parents" while I have my strength is put aside.

Along with independence, maintain active interests. Travel, and read, and do other things that keep you busy.

What fun two elderly people could have together! They could have a "club" of their own, with each other, giving into a new literature and a new culture.

Get something constructive to do together. It is a virtual certainty that there is in every community some organization that can use volunteer service—a church, hospital, health agency, social service group. A few hours a day, two or three days a week, is enough to bring new interests, new topics of conversation, new friends.

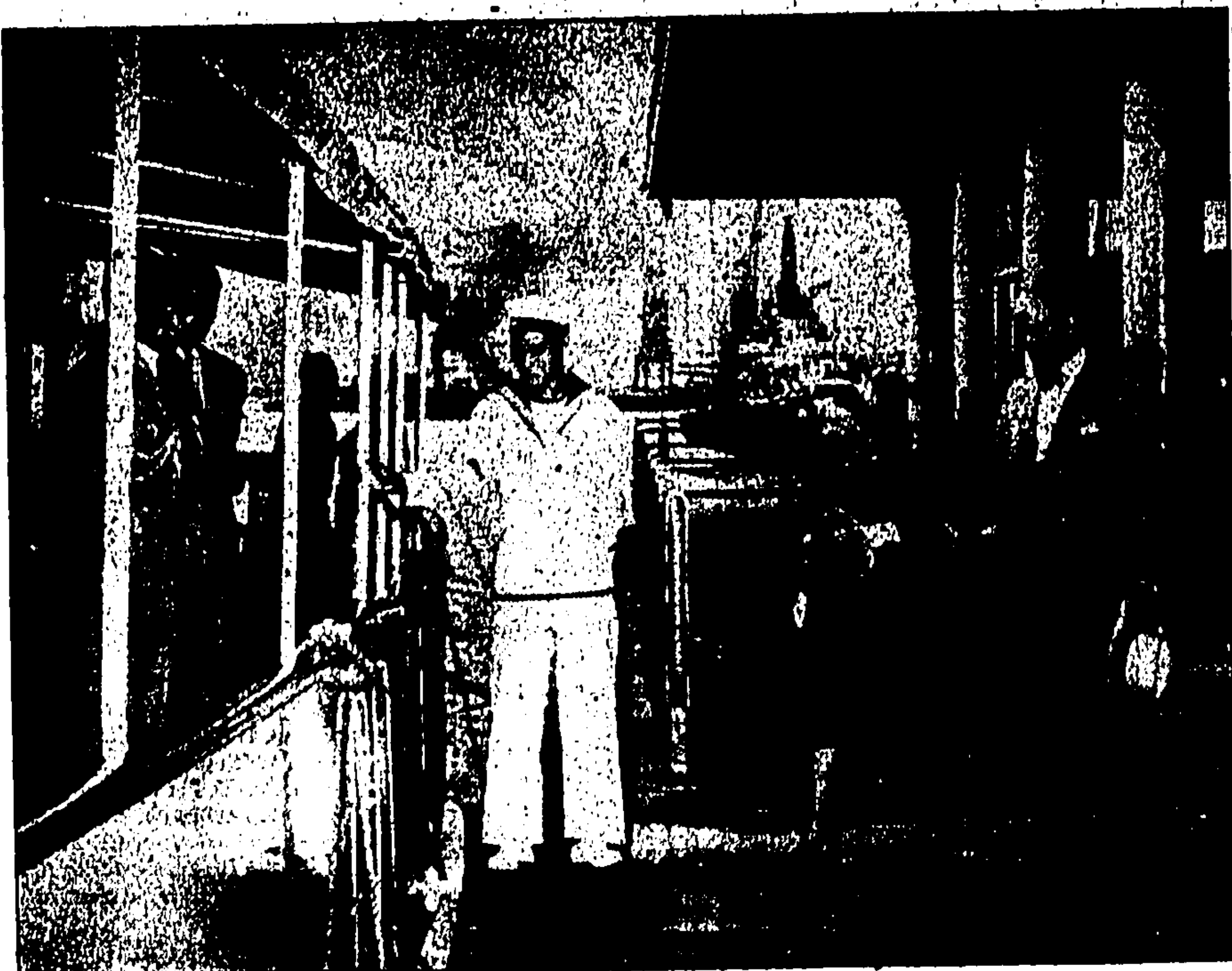
GRANDCHILDREN

Time will naturally be devoted to the children and the grandchildren. The more interesting, attractive and alive the grandparents are, the more welcome they will be.

Hobbies? Well, not boondoggling. Not making something that nobody wants and that you can't give away when you've made it. But it is surprising what unexpectedly salable and interesting things you can make out of old things. A man with an electric train model is a bit ridiculous; but add a crowd of neighbourhood boys in his basement, playing with the train, helping build and repair it, and the old gentleman has a hobby.

Many have been with happy marriages for 50 years. They have been married for 50 years, and they are still in love. They are still in love, and they are still in love.

They are still in love, and they are still in love. They are still in love, and they are still in love. They are still in love, and they are still in love.



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, seeing Lady Grantham off on Monday morning when she left by air for a holiday in Rome. His Excellency left today to join her. Before her departure, Lady Grantham opened the new Queen's Pier. (Staff Photographer)



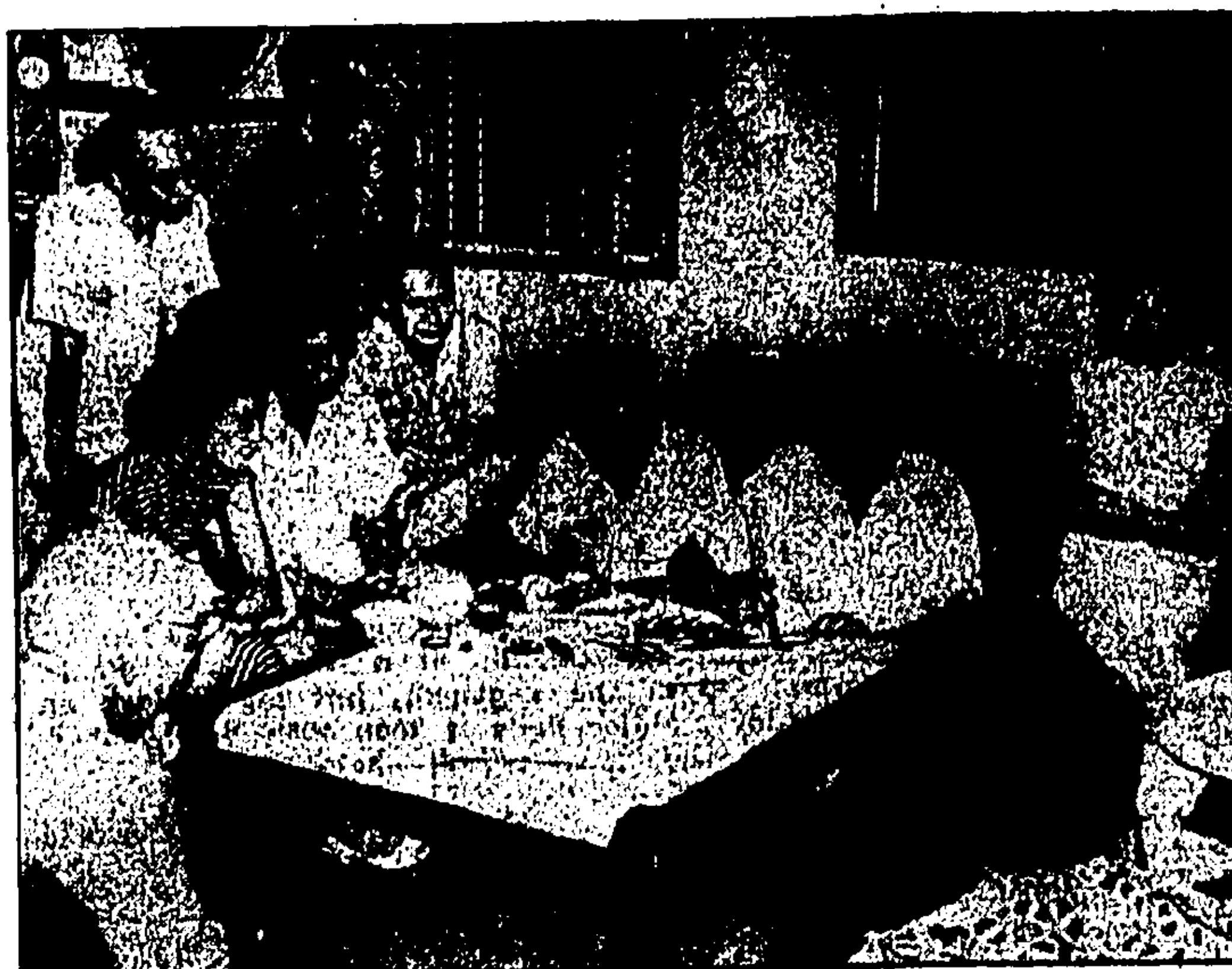
BOTH the baby and its mother are much amused by the antics of Danny Kaye, the comedian, during his visit to the Government Clinic in Kennedy Road. Danny visited Hongkong last week in the course of a world tour sponsored by UNICEF. (Staff Photographer)



MR Richard G. Colman and his bride, the former Miss Vera Rumianzeff, leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



A large number of friends of Mr and Mrs P. Scales attended the christening of their baby son, Michael, at St John's Cathedral on Sunday last. Here is a group picture taken outside the Cathedral after the ceremony. (C. K. Pang)



PROFESSOR Pau Shiu-yau, the noted artist, demonstrating the facility of his brushwork to members of the Hongkong Art Club gathered in Mr Lee Byng's studio early this week. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Ma Man-fai speaking at a meeting held at the Club Lusitano last week to observe United Nations Health Day. (Staff Photographer)



DOUBLE christening of Clive James and Alan John, twin sons of Mr and Mrs D. C. Knight. The christening took place at St John's Cathedral. (Ming Yuen)

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GROUP photo of the members of the Hongkong Art Club, who gathered in Mr Lee Byng's studio early this week for a demonstration of the facility of Professor Pau Shiu-yau's brushwork. (Staff Photographer)

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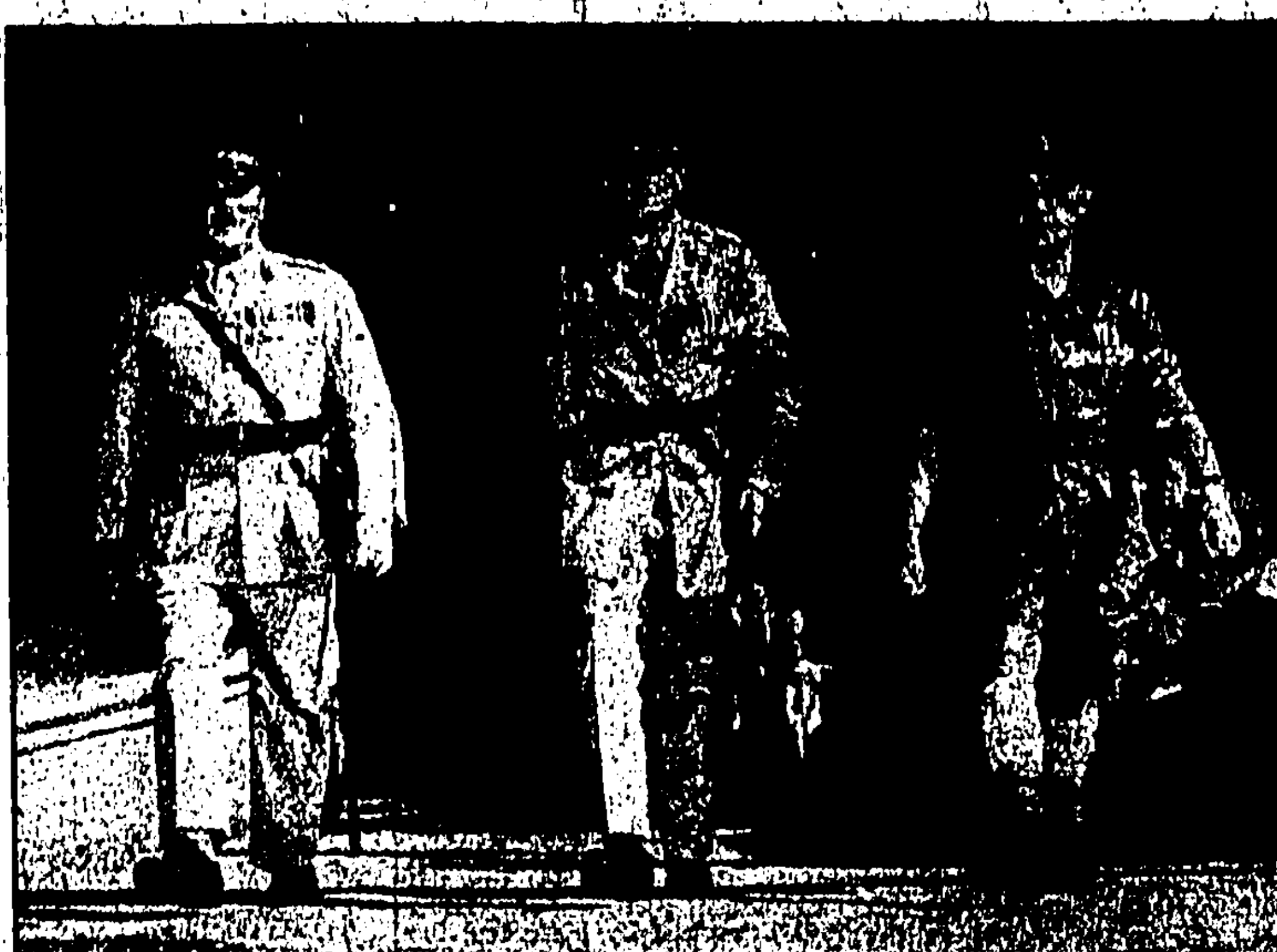
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AT the 4th Hongkong Scout Group's fund-raising barbecue held at the Correspondents' Club on Wednesday evening. From left: Miss D. Yoo, Mr. I. Aquilino, Air Commodore R. C. Field, the Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr. A. J. Wood and, in foreground, Mrs. Field and Mrs. Turner. (Staff Photographer)



ON their way to St Andrew's Church for the annual Corps Sunday service of the Royal Army Service Corps. Major-Gen. R. C. Cruddas, GOC Land Forces (centre), with Brig. R. D. Bolton (left) and Lt-Col. J. C. C. Shapland, CRASC. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who opened the Portuguese Community School on Wednesday, inspecting the building accompanied by Miss M. L. de O. Sales, the Headmistress, and Mr. H. A. de B. Botelho, Chairman of the Board of Governors. (Staff Photographer)

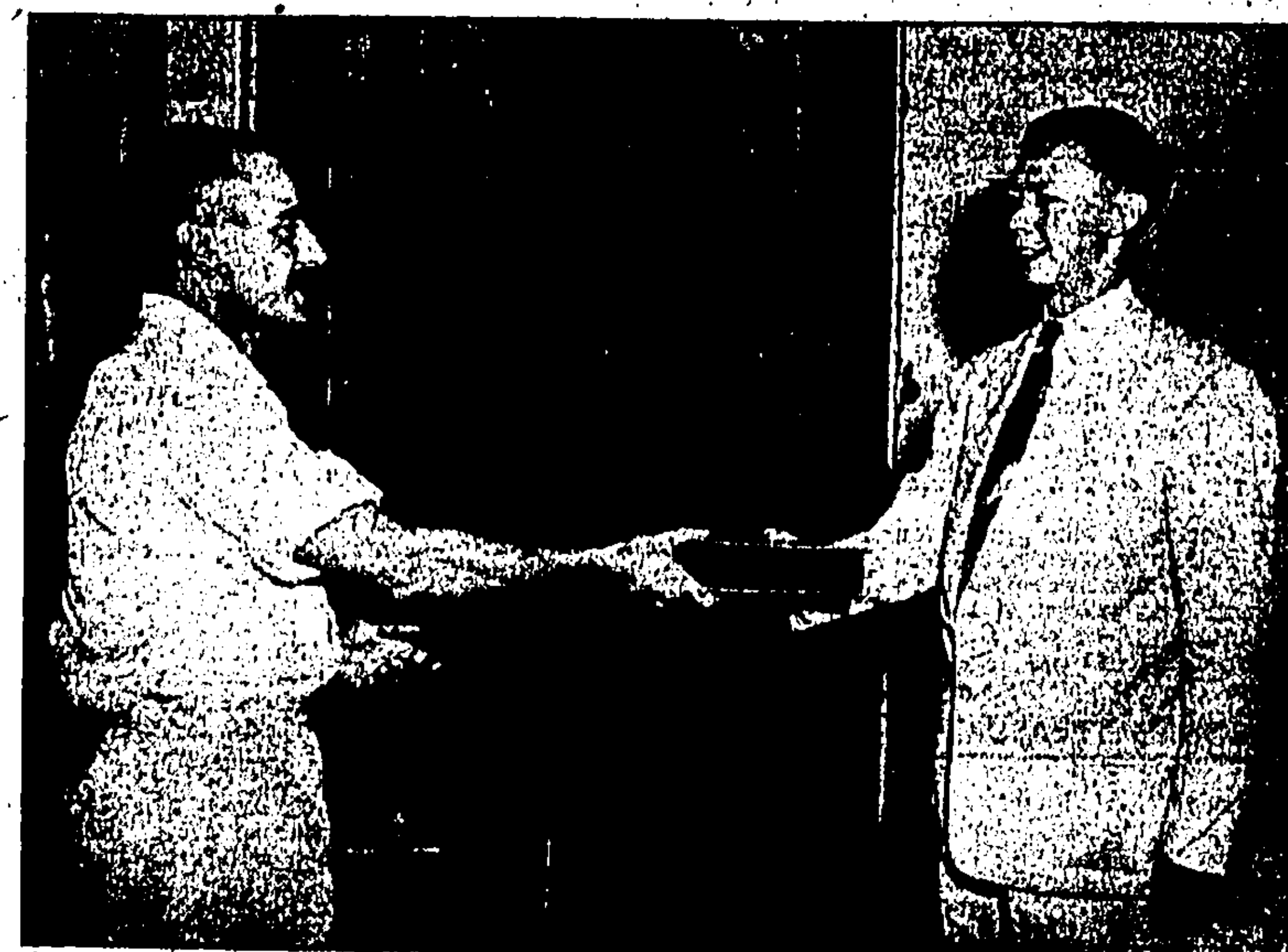


THE new Casam Club, for members of the Civil Aid Services and Auxiliary Medical Service, held a successful Hawaiian Night on Wednesday. Photo of one of the many large parties. Each person is garlanded with a lei. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Party at the christening of Fiona Margaret, three-month-old daughter of Mr and Mrs T. N. MacFarlane, which took place at the Union Church. (Staff Photographer)



THE Band of the Hongkong Regiment played in his honour on the quayside when Major V. S. Bally, former CO of the Regiment, left for Malaya on Thursday. Major Bally is seen with Band Sgt P. Castillejos. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Quentin Castillo, Supreme Court Bailiff (right), who is shortly retiring from Government service, presented with a farewell gift from his colleagues by Mr. C. P. D'Almada e Castro, Registrar. (Staff Photographer)



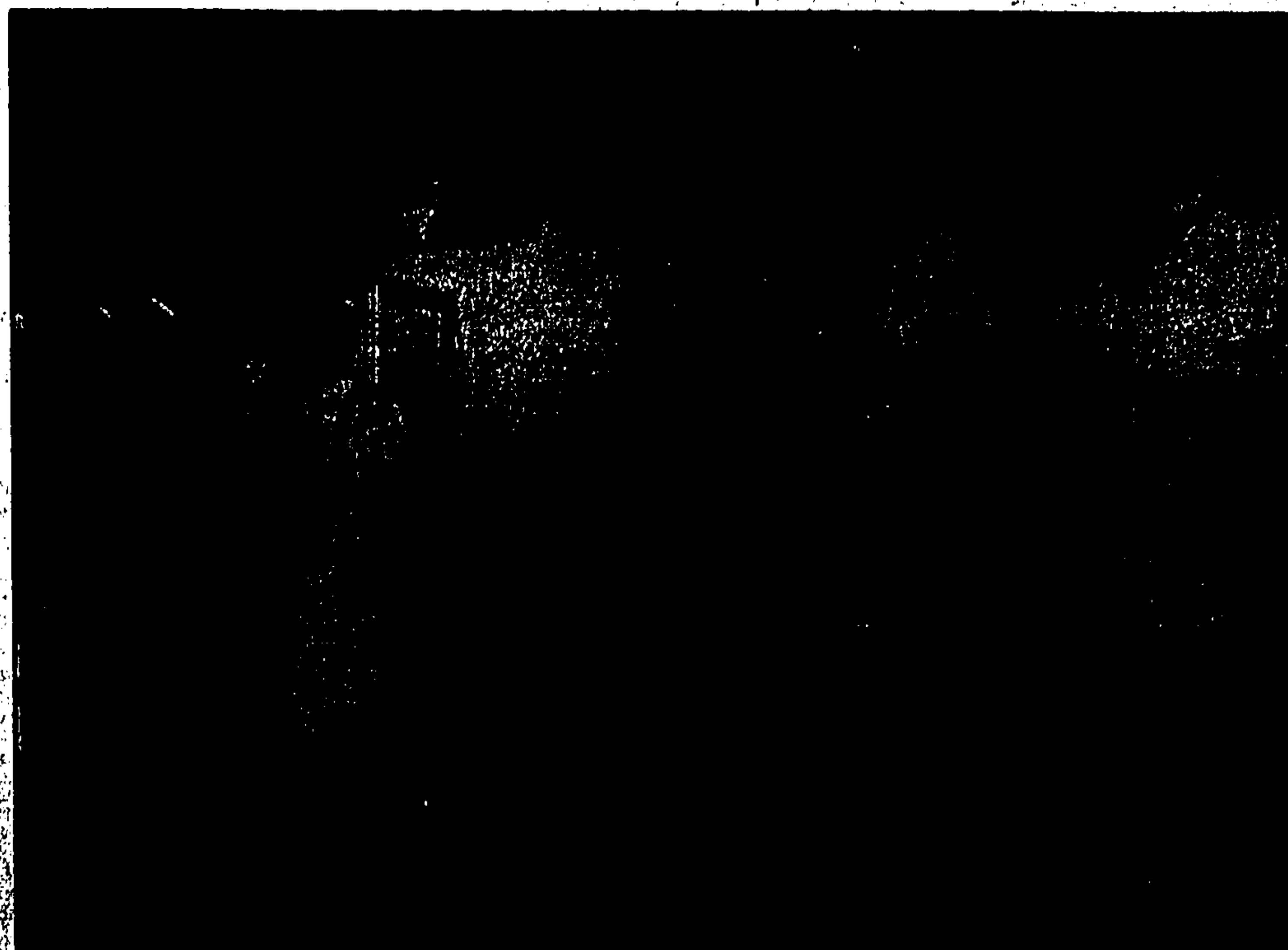
BELOW: The Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Mr. T. R. G. Fletcher, proposing the toast of The Queen at the Dominion Day cocktail party held at the Hongkong Club. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Picture taken at the party at the Peninsula Hotel celebrating the 81st birthday of Mrs. Bertha Dierks, who is seated third from left.

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*** PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ***

Rare Antiques On Show

The Secret Catch Of The Watch Reveals Remarkable History

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. A would like a glimpse of London in the "good old days", should visit the annual Antique Dealers Fair.

There he will find jewelry, silver and paintings, porcelain and jade and ivory ornaments, as well as furniture, collected in fascinating array. And he will not detect a sign of austerity anywhere.

The Fair, now on in London, lives up to its name again. Even in overtaxed Britain, where ancestral homes tend over slowly to the National Trust and sell antiques to pay duties, there are still as many collectors buying as selling.

And there are still as many private collectors seeking a bargain. This year, for instance, two of the most valuable pieces were snatched up by private buyers before the fair opened.

The Fair carries on its tradition of exhibiting loans from the Royal collections, and the Queen has lent a gilt and morocco sedan chair made for Queen Charlotte, and a gilt clock with a model of Apollo driving his chariot and four horses.

The Queen Mother, a patron of the Fair, has lent two Battersea tea caddies enameled in blue and gold presented to her last October when she received the freedom of the City of London.

FAROUK'S TREASURES

The exhibition interests the layman and expert, and this year both are fascinated by the pieces which, as the catalogue discreetly points out, were

"recently acquired from a famous Royal collection." These rare jeweled objects were once part of King Farouk's treasures. Some of them are lovely eighteenth century English pieces — returning home. Amongst them are clocks, perfume fountains, and automaton watches with knights tilting or a windmill grating to the clockwork motion. One of the clocks, in agate and gold, is some fourteen inches high and each of its four "feet" rests on a miniature gilt elephant.

Many of these were fashioned by James Cox, most celebrated of Britain's clockmakers. He worked specially for the Chinese market and, for the majority of his finest pieces are now in the Palace Museum, Peking. It is interesting to have these examples of his work home again.

JOSEPHINE'S MINIATURE

One gem from the Farouk collection is a jewel-encrusted gold watch and chain, made by a famous eighteenth century London watchmaker. Its history is as remarkable as its artistry. Not until he bought it at the Cairo auction, did Kenneth Snowman, its present owner, discover by accident that the watch contained a miniature of the Empress Josephine. He now believes that Josephine gave this watch as a present to Napoleon.

There are many curiosities at the Fair. Among them is a monumental Chippendale bookcase, big enough to hold two hundred leather-bound books. It would just suit an odd corner

in the library of a Georgian mansion, but one cannot imagine it in a modern house. There is an unusual revolving centre-piece for a banquet table. It is made in silver and has spoons not only for candles but also glass coasters, confectioners, silver tankards and tasters. Silver, dated mid-seventeenth century, are a reminder that native English crafts flourished even in the Civil War.

CHINESE JADE

Chinese antiques are represented with several fine pieces of the Ch'ien Lung period. A magnificent carved bowl in white jade with russet shading, a pair of porcelain rabbits have natural fur markings. There is also a splendid monument to Chinese skill in the Celadon jade mountain. Its temples, trees and animals are hewn from a piece of jade thirteen inches high.

Despite these foreign exhibits, the Fair is very much a British occasion. And there are the usual reminders that the British are a race of humbly, fishin' and shootin' enthusiasts and that, even in the eighteenth century, they took their sport seriously.

There is, for instance, a painting of a Leicestershire hunt in white, the artist recorded because "the hounds ran for two and a half hours with barely a check." It so impressed him that he called his work "The Run of the Century."

Judging from a silver picnic set made in 1701, the Stuart noblemen believed in carrying every comfort with them for open air feasts. The set contains, in addition to the customary equipment, a spice box, a nutmeg grater, a narrow-bore scoop and a toothpick.

Focal points for the women visitors, however, were the splendid pieces of jewellery which included diamond brooches

in the form of a horn of plenty. One of the admirers made a 20th century comment. "There's no sense in having anything like that these days. You'd be afraid of losing them or having them stolen, so you'd keep them in the bank," she said.

Then there are the typical products of 18th century feminine skill, including embroidered fire-screens, and tapestry seats for chairs and stools. There is an unusual embroidery picture of Louis XVIII worked by his niece, the Duchess of Angoulême, when they were exiled together in England. This is exquisitely done in silver and gilt thread, and the rose of England and the lily of France form a border to the portrait.

This embroidery, though exquisitely done, is what we have come to expect from 18th century ladies of leisure.

More unusual is the work done by women outside their normal home sphere. Surprisingly, there is a silver bowl, a pair of saucers, and a three-piece Georgian tea set and tea pot stand—all expertly fashioned.

They are work of a group of seven women, all widows, all active silversmiths, who carried as the family business after their husbands' death.

OBJECTS SCREENED

Each object at the Fair is "screened" by a panel of experts before its display. The experts ensure that it is made before 1890, the selected international date-line separating the eighteenth century from the nineteenth.

If the vetting panel doubt any entry they reject it. This fact makes the Fair the ideal hunting ground for anyone who wants to acquire one or two antiques but who doesn't have the specialist's knowledge to distinguish good from bad.

But the vetting panel set no limit on antiquity. The oldest piece on show this year—a 4000-year-old Egyptian vase—was made more than 5,000 years ago.

★ BUILT-IN EXTRAS ★



A HANDSOME CONTEMPORARY HOME. Plan TC-404 is patterned along popular low lines. An overhanging hip roof contributes cozy charm to the house.

By Joan O'Sullivan

HERE'S a house with which a homemaker could really fall in love! It's a beauty inside and out. But what makes it so special, so wonderful, is the fact that it features any number of built-in extras.

Let's skip all the routine rooms and head straight for a combination den-bedroom that's really something to talk about — and in adjectives only.

Step into this room, and what do you see?

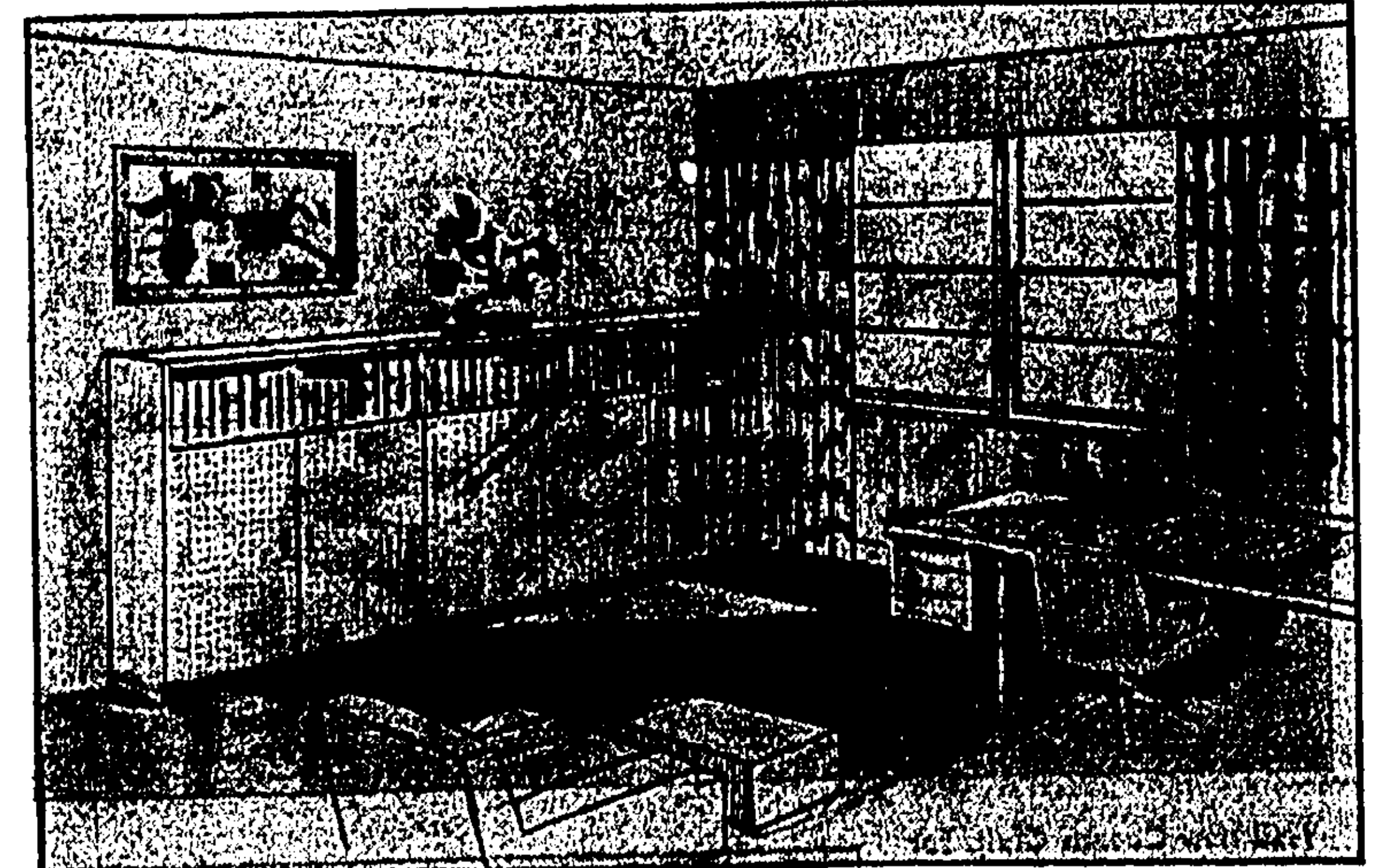
It seems to be a cozy retreat with a fireplace, double windows and a series of built-in bookshelves and cabinets.

But are they really cabinets? The answer is no.

The cabinet doors front for a bed hide-away. Slide the doors back and the bed, folded flat against the back of the cabinet, pulls down and out for sleeping!

The rest of the house is just as well planned with a variety of other built-ins adding greatly to its convenience.

In the living room, you'll find a wood cabinet close to

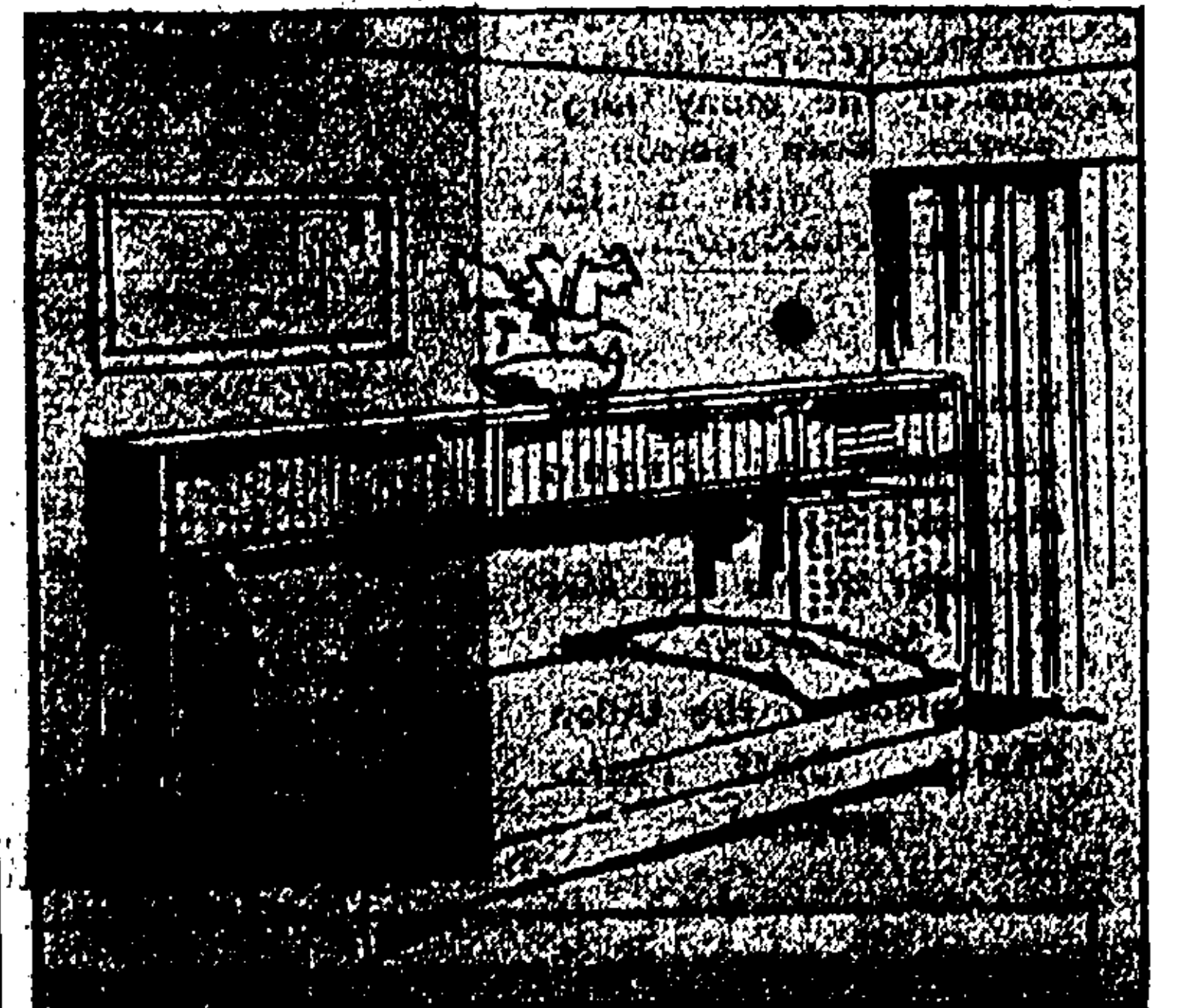


THE CABINETS you see in this attractive den are not cabinets at all. They make a good front for the bed hide-away.

the fireplace. Another storage special is a bookcase. The architect has also included a cabinet for china in the dining area.

The master bedroom's noteworthy for its private bath, dressing alcove, bookshelves and four closets.

This home, Plan TC-404, comprises 23,904 cubic feet.



ONE QUICK CHANGE and the den turns into a bedroom. The bed, which folds into the built-in cabinets, is shown open here.

GIVE YOUR ROOM LIVING SPACE

By Roy Richardson

I GOT a lesson in decorating and furnishing a living-room when I visited two friends of mine recently. It all seemed simple, of course. But then the problems had already been solved.

My friends — a newly married couple — occupy a small 2-room plus kitchen flat. Yet the living-room gave an air of comfort, cheerfulness — yes, spaciousness.

"How come?" I asked the wife.

"Our first effort, when we got the place, was to make it look as big as possible," she replied.

"We used light colours on the walls. To avoid monotony, we covered one wall with a patterned wallpaper. And we added height by keeping the picture rails and skirting-boards in the same colour as the walls."

★ ★ ★

"We removed a low-hanging lamp from the ceiling and substituted a modern, adjustable lamp."

★ ★ ★

"We changed the colour of the cushions, and you add to them but not much."

of china, a tall candle, make all the difference.

"Then, we wanted more space. We threw out a conventional sideboard and put in a tall corner cabinet. It took our linen in the lower section; the surplus china which we couldn't store in the kitchen went into the upper part. The glass door gave a decorative effect. And it added height to the place."

I noticed that there were hanging shelves on the walls. "That was another space-saving idea," my hostess told me. And books, ornaments, and plants showed up well on them.

★ ★ ★

"As you see," she went on, "our dining table folds up to half its size, when we're using it for meals. It does as a writing table."

I spotted a multi-purpose table. "That was an ordinary small place with a deep drawer," she explained. "We converted it to hold the radio on top, the telephone, directories (last list) and a record player on a lower shelf."

"The telephone fits into the space where the drawer used to be."

★ ★ ★

"Don't use soap to clean. Don't wash. Use a before-rag-weep-detergent which makes the surface clean and shiny. The detergent of soap will make out treatment of spill and a neutral air and colour."

Novel Flower Holders Have Infinite Possibilities

FLOWER arrangement is an art which can be developed, and it certainly does encourage a sense of grace, of line, of colour harmony in even the most matter-of-fact person.

And flower arrangements can do so much for the home, providing a quick "pick-up" to any decorative scheme at a minimum of expense, doubly so if you have a garden with flowers.

Flower arrangers are always on the look-out for novel containers and this is one of the delights of the hobby.

In addition to the usual glass and pottery containers, we've seen tea pots, baskets, grays, bowls and soup tureens, sugar bowls, copper oil tins, ginger jars, oil lamp bases, wooden salt and spice boxes and glass bricks all used for lovely arrangements.

On the practical side, there should be a supply of florist's wire, crumpled chicken wire,

good shears and wire holders of a variety of sizes. So equipped one is ready to take on this activity.

Every type of flower lends itself to beautiful and harmonious arrangement. Foliage and berries, as well as fruits and vegetables, also play a part in many an interesting and colourful arrangement. But garden flowers in season make for the nicest settings.

Garden flowers should be cut in early morning or late in the evening. Cut with long stems, and in the case of roses, always cut in such a way that two sets of leaves are left on the stalk, so that the plant will continue to bud and to bloom.

Place flowers in deep water, up to the blossoms, until ready to use, or for at least 30 minutes. Burn the ends of hollow stemmed flowers before placing in water and split or hammer woody stems. Remove all leaves from parts of stem which will be under water and replace limp stems with florist's wire.

—ELEANOR ROSS.

What Is Your P.Q. Rating At Dinnertime?

"HOW high is the P.Q. or Piquancy Quotient of the foods prepared for the average family?" I speculated.

"Perhaps the ladies will understand this better as Appetite Appeal," grinned the Chef.

"I mean something a little different. Of course, all foods should be cooked to bring out their own finest natural flavour. Then, with right seasoning, they are appetizing in themselves. But a meal can often be made up of appetizing foods and still seem dull. It is then that the Piquancy Quotient comes in."

"One homemaker told me that when she serves browned hash with tossed iceberg lettuce, the meal tastes like a

million! Another garnishes tapoca cream with strawberries to give it a 'flavour lift'."

One homemaker, in search of piquancy, said that when she was a little girl, her mother would ask her to mix up some mustard sauce for the cold meat for supper that otherwise would have tasted dull. "But I've forgotten how I made it," she added.

"It is very necessary in each meal to have a good P.Q.," chuckled the Chef. "For today's trick, I will tell this lady how to prepare that mustard sauce."

Dinner

Asparagus Saladettes
Chili Chopped Steak
Mashed Potatoes
New Turnips with Chives
Peaches-in-Orange-Gel
Coffee Tea Juice

All Main Courses Are Served
Reserve Seats 4 to 6

Chili Chopped Steak: In a skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine over a low heat. Add 1 chopped onion medium-sized onion, 1 minced onion, 1 minced green pepper, 1 minced red pepper, 1 minced green pepper. Cook and stir with a fork until the onion is tender.

Add 1 lb. chopped beef, or equal parts chopped beef and veal. Cook and stir until light brown. Then add 1 (No. 2½) tin tomato, ¼ c. chili sauce, 1 tin chili powder.

Cover and simmer 30 min. Stir in ¼ c. sweet pickle juice, 1 c. vinegar, 10 min. longer. Serve heaped on buttered enriched toast.

Peaches-in-Orange-Gel: Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 2 tbsp. cold water for 5 min. Then dissolve over steam. Add ½ c. juice drained from 1 (No. 2½) tin sliced peaches and brought to boiling point. Stir in ¼ c. orange juice and 1 c. orange juice. Add sugar to sweeten, if necessary. In a square baking dish, pour in 1 (No. 2½) tin sliced peaches and 1 (No. 2½) tin sliced peaches. Bake in the oven at 150° F. for 1 hour. Cut in squares. Serve with cream or whipped cream.

15. Don't use as punishment what you want the child to like. If you don't want your child to eat, don't punish him with food.

★ ★ ★

16. Don't punish for the forbidden what you see him doing.

★ ★ ★

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A DISCIPLINARY CODE FOR PARENTS TO FOLLOW

By G. C. MYERS, Ph.D.

AS you know, I consistently entreat parents to teach the child to respect "No" by means of physical pain; to begin this training as soon as the child begins to creep and walk; and to be done with spanking before the child enters school.

As a substitute for spanking, I have advised assignment of the youngster to sit unamused for a definite period measured by the clock.

Parents who act as one person in disciplining the young child, who are poised, self-controlled and consistent may be amazed at how very little punishment is necessary.

Some Don'ts:

1. Don't begin to punish the baby, or even say "No" to him, till he can move about under his own steam and face perils or dangers.

2. Don't smack the baby to make him stop crying.

3. When you spank the baby or not, limit the smack to the

bare hands or bare thighs, preferably the latter, using only your bare flat hand. Slapping him about the face or head, or shaking him, is very dangerous. Tying him for punishment is slow torture; so is putting him into a dark closet.

4. Don't punish by threatening the child with bogey man, doctor, policeman or the like.

★ ★ ★

5. Don't use two types of punishment for the same offence. Use one type and stick to it.

★ ★ ★

6. Use punishment, especially before the child is four or five, only for the things he must not do or repeat; not to make him do what you want him to do. Patiently make the latter attractive to him.

★ ★ ★

7. Punish only for the forbidden what you see him doing.

★ ★ ★

8. Make such punishment as ways immediate and without any exception.

★ ★ ★

9. Always connect the punishment with the offence.

★ ★ ★

10. Don't punish for teasing, sucking, nail-biting, masturbation, and the like, because these acts usually are signs of normal development in young children.

punishment tends to make them worse.

★ ★ ★

11. Don't repeat "No" or "Don't" in the same situation, nor shriek it. Say it clearly just once, as information in a moderate tone.

★ ★ ★

12. Don't punish by talking or "looking daggers."

★ ★ ★

13. When in doubt, don't punish at all. When you discover you have punished the child unjustly, tell him so and ask him to forgive you.

★ ★ ★

14. Don't punish on the installment plan — a gentle pat now, a harder one later, reaching severity and usually in vain, where one lurch smack right away could have worked like magic.

★ ★ ★

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WHIPPING BOY

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RENE MacCOLL IN SIBERIA

A Manicure In Kurgan
Spotlights Changes

I WON'T easily forget my arrival in Siberia—where, by the way, the sun is shining hotly—because I said I would like to go to the barber's, being a bit travel-stained after 5,000 miles.

Don't worry, said the woman who runs the newly built hotel—the barber will come up to your room right away.

A few minutes later there came a knock on the door, and there stood a 20-year-old girl loaded with such properties as a razor, clippers, a strap, scent, and so forth.

Could this be the barber's assistant? No—it was the barbers. And she proceeded to give me an extremely competent shave, shampoo, and haircut right there in my bedroom.

She also washed my ears for me, which was thoughtful of her. Not content with all this she offered me a manicure which I blushing declined.

A manicure in Kurgan, the classic gateway to Siberian exile in Tsarist days, the town through which countless bands of political prisoners with chains on their ankles have in the past trudged painfully on into the Eastern vastnesses—this gives the measure of the changes which are swooping on this land.

Hot, Dusty

SIBERIA is hot and dusty and astir with energy. The butterflies reminded me of home—orange-tips and brimstones and large pearl-bordered fritillaries—but precious little else did. Just before I arrived in Kurgan, a town of 80,000 people and growing fast, I spent a couple of nights in a spot called Petropavlovsk on the borders of northern Kazakhstan and Siberia.

This Petropavlovsk was really pretty awful. I can't offhand think of anything to recommend it and I won't dwell on its drawbacks.

But I am glad in a way that I saw it. It is a place of contrasts, with its

Petropavlovsk is like the "before" part in a "before and after" advertisement.

They haven't got around to Petropavlovsk yet but no doubt they will.

Two brief years ago, I am told, Kurgan was rather like Petropavlovsk. There wasn't a single paved street in the place. You were apt to flounder up to your ankles in the jet black mud. The people lived in mouldering wooden chalets.

Vitalised

NOW Kurgan is being vitalised and rebuilt from stem to stern. All over town new buildings are going up—a horde of bearded women labourers are working on these new Soviet buildings of stone and brick and cement towering the old-time cottages.

There are traffic lights and buses and although a good many of the streets are "up" and some of the pavements are just wooden duckboards, one gets the impression it won't stay that way for long.

The town is well laid out basically because the "Decembrists"—a group of revolutionaries named after the month of their abortive rising in 1825—were exiled here.

Many of the Decembrists hailed from Leningrad and it was with a nostalgic memory of home that they street-planned Kurgan.

Kurgan is immensely proud of its brand new theatre and I take my hat right off to it. For my money it is a really successful effort architecturally.

My personal opinion of a lot of Soviet buildings isn't so hot. But this theatre is lovely—a fine place with grace and taste, mouldings and ceilings and a good candelabrum, dark crimson walls, and seating for 700.

Good Film

MY only regret was that the repertory company was out of town giving special performances to the people toiling on the "new lands," the massive new plan to develop agricultural capacity which is going full blast to the tune of the bulldozers around these parts.

But I saw a good colour film—with a concert tossed in for the price of admission.

One of the town's churches is now a general store, which is what you find nearly everywhere, and the other church, is the town's museum.

Proudly they showed me the new "People's Palace," the Flomberg, built by the Soviet equivalent of the Soviet and Girl Guides, and a school which every day has a

seven and a half hour session. They are there, these new buildings, to show the people that

chemistry to art class, and this takes them off the hands of their doubtless grateful parents. Inside the palace, the paint wasn't quite dry and the plasterers were still hard at it. In the radio instruction room of the palace I remarked on an oil portrait of a Victorian-looking gent brooding over the scene.

"Ah, yes, that is Popov," said my guide. "Popov, the discoverer of radio." I supposed I looked a shade taken aback because she added: "He discovered radio about seven years before the Italian"—what was his name again?—but owing to the inertia of the Tsarist authorities the discovery was not properly made known to the world. The documents are to be seen in Moscow and conclusively prove all this."

At the museum I was shown yellowing photos of Kurgan, 50 years back. They made the place look exactly like a Wild Western town—rattled streets, low wooden buildings, hitching rail and all.

But now Kurgan is going full steam ahead and the place is full of vitality and pride and effort. With a light laugh they admit to temperatures of 50 below in winter but claim that Siberia is actually very healthy, and the manageress of my hotel pointed

out that at 55 she has all her own teeth and indeed her own hair. Well, good for her.

Around here if you kill a wolf you're in the money. A chap last winter knocked off a she-wolf and all her cubs and netted himself 3,000 roubles, say £275, in prizes for the pelts.

Ludmila

BUT generally speaking Siberian don't especially like chitchat about wolves and bears. Both animals are considered to be not quite in keeping with progressive principles.

The blonde Soviet woman who took me around Kurgan is in her thirties and is divorced and has a seven-year-old son and makes £73 a month.

Ludmila wears a red hat and a blue two-piece suit and a pink blouse of which the collar protrudes over the jacket of the suit, platform heels to her sandals, red baroque sunglasses of which she is very proud, and a red plastic bag with a long off-the-shoulder swaggy strap.

And we don't get on too well because her mind strikes me as being closed in and rigid. Maybe mine strikes her the same way. But, anyway, it was nice to see the brimstone butterflies and in the park of Rest and Culture the lilacs were in bloom.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says Marconi pioneered radio in the 1890's. No mention of Popov.

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Up the slope — note my right leg acting as the "prop" with my weight rather more on the slightly bent left leg. Key here is to keep the head still, maintain balance throughout the stroke, hit with the hill, and never "press".

PACEMAKERS ARE ESSENTIAL TO RACING

By A RACING CORRESPONDENT

Pacemakers are an essential part of long-distance races in England and the suggestion that they should not be used is unlikely to be adopted.

In the long-distance cup races, immediately after the war, we had farcical races, due to small fields without pacemakers.

Apart from the fact that in France horses belonging to the same owner are bracketed together for the purposes of betting, French owners would still run their pacemakers, even if the position existed as in England today.

Englishmen are not all in favour of the suggested rule for horses belonging to one owner being bracketed together for betting purposes.

The Englishman likes to exercise his own judgment to far greater degree than the foreigner. If he thinks the outsider of the two horses belonging to one owner is going to win he wants full odds for that outsider.

The most celebrated partnership between horse and pacemaker in recent times was that of Brown Jack and Mail Fist. Everyone knew that Mail Fist has no chance whatsoever in any race in which Brown Jack runs and the odds against him were accordingly extended.

25-1 A PLACE
Last year M. Marcel Bousac almost won the Gold Cup with his 50-1 pacemaker, Aram, and

the horse actually paid 25-1 in favour of the suggested rule.

The win dividend would have been stupendous.

Pacemakers generally have not the high quality of racing ability as that possessed by Osborne, who was carrying almost 9st., in top-class mile and a quarter handicaps last season — and with success.

This fact must not blind those who are now against pacemakers.

A really slowly run race probably does more to sicken the public of the sport than any other single item.

As long as pacemakers can prevent this, and they do, they will always be an essential part of long-distance cup races.

PRIZE FOR DUCHESS



The Duchess of Norfolk mounted on her hunter, Penny Royal, receives her prize from Mrs H. Coriat. The Duchess, competing for the Coriat Challenge Cup for Working Hunters at this year's Richmond Royal Horse Show, gained second prize for the first. — Daily Express Photo.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SLOPE, GET YOUR STANCE RIGHT

Says BERNARD HUNT

It would be silly to suggest that a golf shot from a sloping lie is as easy as one from a nice stretch of straight fairway. It isn't. You have to make one or two adjustments. But it is not nearly so difficult as many people seem determined to make it.

The secret of the whole thing, of course, is balance—body balance. And that resolves itself into knowledge of the correct stance for various slopes and a little common sense to keep balance and swing through the ball from those positions.

Take the up-hill shot for instance. As you can see from my picture I am all set to hit up the slope. My weight is rather more on my slightly bent left leg than my right which, in effect, acts more as a prop throughout the stroke.

It is a vital principle not to try to "press" in this shot. Do nothing which will throw your balance out of tune. And bear in mind that you have to hit with the lie of the land. In this case as you are hitting up the hill the tendency will be for the ball to fly rather higher than usual and consequently rather shorter. If I am using an iron, therefore, I choose a six, say, instead of a seven to get to the spot I want.

If the slope of the land rises sharply in front of you, then the first requirement must be a club with enough face to clear it.

DON'T FALL BACK

For the down-hill lie the secret is still in getting your weight properly settled and keeping your balance throughout the shot. The weight is still rather more on your left leg than your right, and one of the main things is to avoid, at all costs, the tendency to fall back as you play your stroke.

I play this shot with the ball nearer my right foot than my left and as I go through I concentrate on the idea of getting down the slope in my follow-through. This is to ensure getting the weight of the club into the shot and to avoid any risk of topping.

Another point about the downward lie: as I play the shot off the back foot I usually take a steeper faced iron than the distance suggests. For instance, if it is a six iron distance I take a seven. This is because as you hit down the slope you are really coming into contact with the ball with the face of the club slightly closed. As a matter of fact I have my hands, at the address, in line with my right leg, rather than the usual middle position, when I shape for this shot.

In both the up-hill and the down-hill shots I take the slope of the ground—as far as possible—in my stance. I then concentrate on that vital factor of balance.

When I come up against those awkward spots where I am standing above or below the ball I think of the same rule—keep balance, don't try to press for distance. One of the little tricks I try in these circumstances is to grip the ground strongly with my feet. It may sound silly when I am wearing shoes but I think most golfers will understand. Again, it is to help balance.

A really slowly run race probably does more to sicken the public of the sport than any other single item.

As long as pacemakers can prevent this, and they do, they will always be an essential part of long-distance cup races.

USE "PLENTY OF CLUB"

When the feet are above the ball the tendency will be to cut the shot slightly. My policy, therefore, is to aim slightly left.

LEADERS IN THE FASTEST 100 COMPETITION

Desmond Barriek of Northamptonshire and George Emmett of Gloucester are leading in the race for the fastest 100 of the English cricket season.

Both have reached three figures in 99 minutes, Barriek against Essex and Emmett against Sussex.

Prize for the fastest hundred, put up by a well known firm, is £100.

There is a similar prize for bowlers and at the moment the list is headed by Glamorgan's Don Shepherd with 9-47 against Northants. — London Express Service.

COURSE RECORD AT SANDWICH

H. Barwick of Australia, established a new course record in winning the Royal St George's and Champion Challenge Vase at Sandwich.

His two rounds were 67 and 74 which gave him an aggregate of 141, also a record for the competition which is one of the most coveted in amateur golf.

New Zealand's D. Wain made it an all-Commonwealth weekend by winning the Prince of Wales Cup at Eastbury Golf Club. — London Express Service.

As I also feel that there is a tendency to lose a little distance — it is equally imperative not to force the shot — I usually give myself "plenty of club" for the shot in hand. I then swing firmly through keeping my head still and using my hands to make sure the club head goes through firmly.

When the feet are below the ball the tendency will be to hook the ball a little to the left. Again, I allow for it. Don't be afraid to stand well up to the shot. I think this is far better than shortening the shaft of the club. Again good balance and good hand control to get the club-head through are vital factors. At all costs avoid any collapse of the left hand in this shot; get right through the ball

and you should have no trouble. So don't forget the principles — get your stance right according to the slope, maintain balance throughout the shot, keep your head still, don't fall back, give yourself plenty of club to avoid any tendency to "press," and don't be afraid to make your hands work to get the club-head through the ball.

FOOTNOTE: Remember my writing in these notes of my young brother Geoff modelling his style on Ben Hogan? It doesn't seem to have done him any harm. With hardly any practice he won the Assistant's Championship with four fine rounds. I think he will be very good indeed. He is only 19.

Now I Can Count Goals In Four Languages

By ROY PESKETT

For me the foremost memories of the 1954 World Soccer Cup, a Swiss Olympic Games in miniature involving 16 nations, will be centred on the brawny voiced announcers who dominate the games with their stentorian shouts.

Their job is to keep the spectators *au fait* with the situation at the game they are watching and also to relay snippets of information from the other grounds where matches are being played simultaneously.

As each announcement is made in four languages, German, French, Italian, and English, and as there are usually four matches being played at once with frequent incidents you can see just how much we have shouted at us.

It is most distracting trying to watch one game and listen to three others, like being in a room with the television and three wireless sets, tuned to different stations, all going at once.

Our own game has barely started—naturally after a long series of warnings in four languages about "Take care of the pickpockets." "No film pictures to be taken unless you are wearing an official arm" (meaning armband), or "You are not to be walking on the pitch between the game"—when we go to "aching stations."

A hoarse cough, magnified into an elephant's trumpeting, heralds the first of the flood of international verbiage.

Then, roaring across the ground, comes "Achtung, achtung," and the snarling news from Geneva that "In der zwei Minuten" Turkey are leading Korea eins zu nul.

THE COMIC SIDE

Naturally, apart from all this distraction around you, there are all sorts of interesting and amusing incidents inevitable among so varied a company.

There is the leader of the brass band at Bale, dressed smartly in morning suit, striped trousers, and black Hamburg, which he frequently raised to acknowledge the applause accorded his unformed musicians. There are the photographers who rush on the pitch to snap the goal-scorers.

I shall always recall the attitude of the big, brown-skinned Uruguayan player, nicknamed by the English newspapermen "Joe Louis," who stood arms akimbo, lowering over the

small-sized referee, defying him to award a free kick.

When the official, too, stood his ground the big fellow walked majestically to the ball, picked it up and handed it to the official with a courtly how. This won him terrific applause, and I thought the referee was going to kiss him.

Then there was the scene when the Hungarian referee awarded a free kick to Staniforth, the England full-back, and then changed his mind.

When tackled afterwards, the referee said: "But he aimed a water pistol at me and I gave a free kick against him for ungentlemanly conduct!"

NOTHING SERIOUS

What actually did happen was that Staniforth, clutching a piece of cotton wool soaked in water which had been thrown to him to relieve his sweating brow, had unconsciously squeezed it while running up to kick the ball, and the referee, seeing the sparkle of water, thought the big Huddersfield player was playing a job on him.

Amusing, too, was the utter confusion caused by the decision of the organising committee that players must wear on the field the numbers registered for them by the committee.

This meant that Uruguay had number 17 at left half and 10 at inside right, and the line-up for the England-Switzerland game numerically was: England—goalkeeper out—1, 2, 3, 14, 4, 6, 11, 8, 10, 16, 17; and for Switzerland—2, 7, 4, 14, 10, 8, 15, 22, 20, 19, 17.

It was like trying to follow the sequence of numbers touched by a ball on a roulette wheel.

But, anyway, it is all good fun and is helping me become proficient in three languages. At least I can now count in German, French and Italian, and I know that whatever the number he carries the Mistleturner is the centre forward.



Feet below the ball — note how I stand up to this shot. I prefer it to the idea of going down the shaft of the club. Again keep balance, maintain good hand control, and hit firmly through the shot.

SNIPERS IN THE PAVILION

Len Hutton And The England Captaincy

By ALEX BANNISTER

Are you pro- or anti-Hutton as England's captain? To the thousands who watch cricket, and the millions who follow it through newspapers, TV, and radio, I guarantee the answer is easy. Hutton is the popular hero.

The first professional captain of England in the modern era, he vanquished India, recaptured the "Ashes" from Australia after 20 years, and held the West Indies to an honourable draw in their own islands after being two Tests down — a performance which many rank as even a greater triumph than the defeat of Australia.

Hutton, too, is not only a successful captain but the greatest batsman in the world today, and the man who, at least since 1950 when Denis Compton became 25 per cent incapacitated, has virtually "carried" the England batting.

DIFFERENT WAY

But in the councils of cricket the question with which I opened might be answered in quite a different way.

Cricket, of all sports, clings tenaciously—and perhaps properly—to tradition and nobody has realised more than Hutton that he is unacceptable in some quarters.

"They" say he is too dull, lacks personality, and in the West Indies lost control of some of his players.

Only the other day a former county captain said to me: "When the MCC go overseas they must have an amateur skipper for the off-the-field activities, the speech-making and so on."

He seemed quite surprised when I told him, as one who was on the spot and perhaps more qualified to judge than one thousands of miles away, that Hutton carried out his social obligations with tact and satisfaction.

I will go further and say that if some of the amateur skippers I know had been in charge of the MCC in the West Indies the tour might never have been completed.

Yet the pavilion gossip, which has gathered in volume recently, has no doubt contributed to the breakdown in health which Hutton has suffered.

That, added to the strain of the West Indies adventure, which taxed him almost to breaking point, has made him sick of the sight of a bat and ball.

THE SURPRISE

When Hutton withdrew from the second Test with Pakistan, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, there was a surprise choice as deputy—David Sheppard, the 28-year-old theological student at Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

Sheppard's name has been closely linked with the captaincy of the MCC in Australia next winter, and the whole matter seems to revolve round one question which has never been answered: Could Sheppard be relieved of his studies for the duration of the tour?

I have heard it stressed that the Church would consider an ex-England captain in Australia — big plum job—a decided asset and would encourage Shep-

pard to accept should he be invited to do so.

On the other hand we may all be jumping too far ahead and reading too much into his selection as Hutton's deputy.

As Trevor Bailey has "blotted his copybook" with newspaper articles and Bill Edrich is likely to lose his place to Tom Graveney, the selectors had scant choice.

Sheppard might well be merely a "caretaker" captain, for I know, despite all the criticisms, Hutton has firm friends among the selectors, and they remain unshaken in their belief that he is the best man for the job.

Whether Sheppard would make a better job than

Hutton in Australia is a hotly debatable point, and if it comes to the test the whole country will be in bitter dispute.

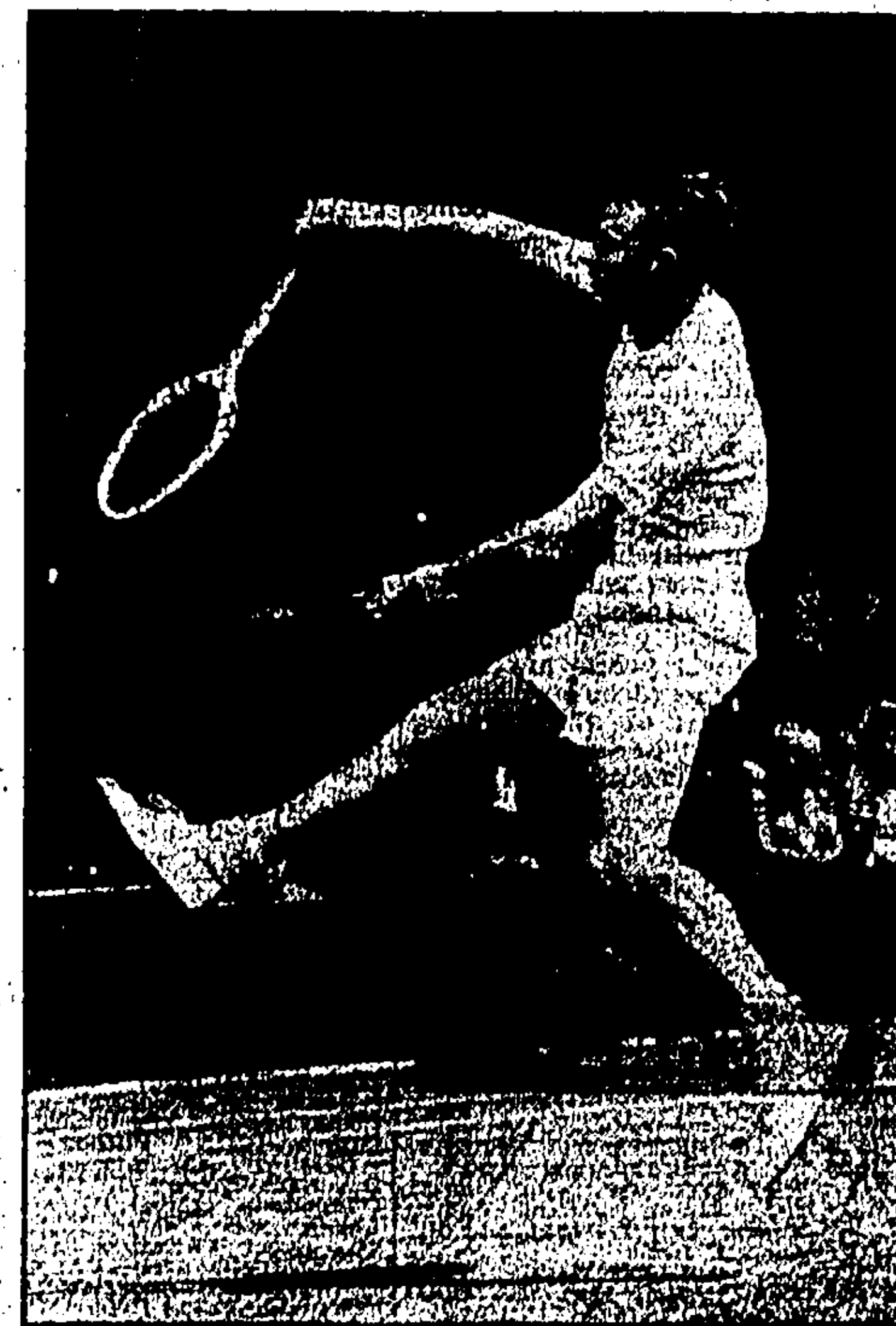
Sheppard himself must reflect on the capricious ways of selectors. Last season when he was playing regularly for Sussex he was passed over completely.

One big point seems to be overlooked in the matter. If Sheppard did go as captain to Australia, who would take over next season when South Africa, now one of the world's strongest teams, are the visitors?

Would Hutton be recalled, or do we start all over again with this thorny ever-recurring question in English cricket?

Confused about it all? So am I.

BRITISH "HOPE" IN PLAY



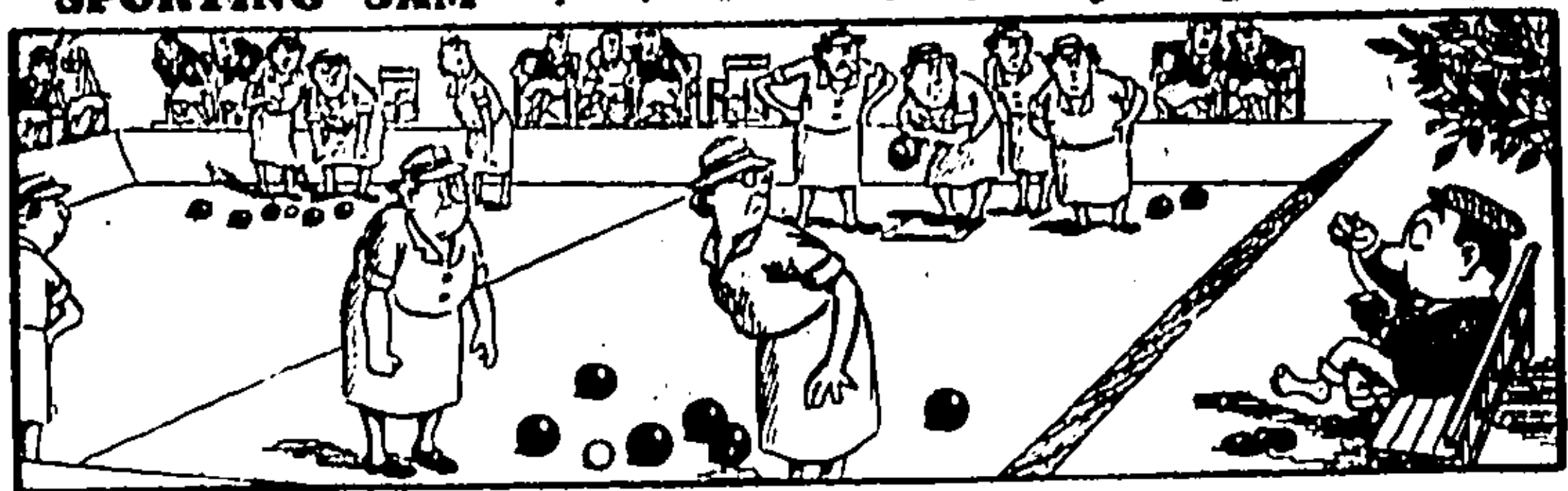
Bobby Wilson, British junior who beat the Brazilian No. 1, Armando Vieira, leaps to a high one from Tony Trabert (USA) during their match at Wimbledon — Central Press Photo.

POP



SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Famous Cricketers I Have Met

By ARCHIE QUICK

The handsome man sitting in the corner of the clubhouse at Moortown Golf Club? The athletic figure sitting on the Select Committee to investigate betting and pools? The broad-shouldered stalwart addressing the Council of Physical Fitness or the meeting of the National Playing Fields Association?

Yes, the same man, and the face is so familiar. Why, of course, Herbert Sutcliffe, the England and Yorkshire cricketer, and the finest opening partner Sir Jack Hobbs ever had.

Jack has remained his old self in his advancing years. "Our Herbert", as the Ticker call him, has become portly, but without rotundity. He is a fat man, and it is difficult to realize that he is now nearly sixty years of age—twelve years the junior of his famous partner.

He played in 54 Tests, his first appearance against Australia being in 1924 and his last against the hereditary foe in 1934.

His debut was for A.E.R. Gilligan's team at Sydney at Christmas 1924 and he celebrated it with scores of 59 and 115 while Hobbs weighed in with 115 and 59 a curious similarity.

They were both opening hand-dressed partnerships, but Australia, thanks to century makers Collins, Ponsonby and Taylor and the bowling of Gregory and Mailey (seven wickets each) won by 193 runs.

In his second Test at Melbourne, a fortnight later, Sutcliffe went even better with innings of 176 and 127, another 100 start with Hobbs (154) in the first innings, but again Australia won by 111. He had 33 and 59 in the Third Test, 143 in the Fourth, 22 and 0 in the Fifth, and ended the tour top of the averages with 81.55—a magnificent start to a great Test career.

Sutcliffe scored in all 4,555 runs in Test cricket, 2,741 of them against Australia. He was in first class cricket from 1919 to 1945, and he retired a wealthy man. He has added to that wealth since, and is one of the most influential and respected men in the County of Broad Acres.

His advice is still eagerly sought by the County Committee and it is a source of great pride and satisfaction that his son Billy has won his County "cap" as an amateur. He will never be as great as his father, but he is above county average standard.

Sutcliffe, never a showman, has the grand manner, and, in the field or at the wickets, his personality was as dominating as Hobbs was retiring. But autocratic as he can sometimes be, he has still captured the hearts of the honest, plain folk of Yorkshire to be called by his christian name—"Our Herbert"—the same as Hirst was "Our George" and Rhodes "Our Wilfred".

ARTHUR GILLIGAN

Dulwich School has been responsible for producing many fine cricketers. Bill Griffith, Hugh Bartlett and Trevor Bailey among them—but only one Old Boy of the South London school has ever captained England, A. E. R. Gilligan.

FULLER PILCH

Fuller Pilch is a name which echoes down the years of cricket history. You will not find this pioneer's name in "Widen's" because he died so long ago, but it was he who, when the game was centred on Hampshire, Sussex and Kent,

was the outstanding exponent with bat and ball—the first of the all-rounders.

He played in the inaugural days of Hambledon Common, in the Weald villages where the game was born, and his side was always prepared to take on the likes of England. He went with the original touring team to Australia under the captaincy of old Jim Lillywhite.

No, I did not meet him! But his grandson, also George Fuller Pilch, is vice-chairman of Norwich City Football Club, and, although nearing his eightieth year, still watches all their matches. The family moved to Norfolk in the last generation, and George played for the county both at football and cricket.

Fast bowler, sound middle-of-the-innings bat, first rate fieldsmen were attributes of which old Fuller would have been proud, and, in addition, he was an uncompromising left back at Soccer. Played in that position, in fact, in Middlesex Wanderers' first overseas tour to Northern France fifty years ago.

The entire family's roots are deeply embedded in sport. George keeps a sports outfit in his shop, his two sons between them are first class cricketers and footballers and they play golf and lawn tennis up to county standard. There is a daughter too who plays un-derstandably well at golf and lawn tennis.

But George sadly admits, while hoping that old Fuller will not turn in his grave, that his true love is football. Something of a fanatic for it and a bibliophile too, for he has a remarkably complete library of all the football books that matter for the last half century.

Norwich City, by general consent, are the smartest turn-out team in the country. Yellow nylon shirts with bright green edging, ebony black silk shorts, dapper yellow and green hooped stockings form a striking ensemble, set off with imposing city coat of arms badges on the shirts.

Who made a gift of this workmanlike outfit? George Fuller Pilch, of course, and he argues that as "clothes maketh man" so does a footballer's standard of rig provide him with greater superiority.

I think there is something in that. The Carrow Road ground is equally smart, and, anyhow, since moving there the "Canaries" have sung to a successful tune for there have been famous Cup victories, promotion to Division Two, and consistent good form in Division Three South.

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

THE WEATHER HAS ALREADY COST THE COUNTY CRICKET CLUBS £30,000

The current pastime in England is trying to recall when cricket has been so cruelly hit by the weather! Even the oldest hands at Lord's during the first Test against Pakistan could not remember the famous ground looking so sodden and waterlogged. Though the groundsmen has the most modern drying equipment in the world he and his staff just could not keep pace with the downpour.

What wretched luck it has been for the popular Pakistanis. The blank days will cost them dearly although £11,500 was taken in advance sales of tickets.

By their display at Lord's Pakistan were hoping to encourage sales in advance for the Tests at Nottingham and Manchester, where sales have so far been meagre.

Apart from the bitter financial disappointment of the Test, many of the counties suffering from many lost days are having a lean time.

I often have heard these days described as "disastrous" and by the middle of June it was estimated that £30,000 had been lost in gate money.

Surrey's traditional Whitsun fixture against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge was rained off for two days. It cost Nottingham £2,000 in lost revenue.

Each blank day during the Test saw £3,000 vanish while Lancashire have taken only £1,500 at the turnstiles this season at the time of writing.

At Northampton recently a miserable £15 was handed to the secretary at the end of the day—it had been just too cold for watching cricket.

YORKSHIRE PROSPER

But Yorkshire continue to prosper although their revenue

is nearly £5,000 down on what they might have taken had the weather been fine. Actually their attendances have been higher than last year when they had one of their worst playing seasons on record. But with Bob Appleyard and Fred Trueman showing such sparkling form they are strongly challenging for the title again.

Trueman has undoubtedly benefited much from his mixed experience on tour in the West Indies. He has succeeded in harnessing control to his speed and is now a formidable bowler indeed.

Another young tourist who has also made a considerable advance this season is Peter May, my Surrey colleague. He is hitting the ball with tremendous power and some of his driving off the back foot is as good as I have ever seen anywhere.

Unfortunately Tom Graveney has not been fit, but in his odd appearances for Gloucestershire he has also been making runs attractively, while Tony Lock of Surrey has not been helped by a bout of whooping cough.

Yorkshire have another promising fast bowler in Philip Hodgson. He is 6 feet 5½ inches tall. The only snag is that he is 18 and will soon have his call-up for National Service.

Some officials are all for urging the Government to spread a cricketer's National Service over three winters, instead of the normal two years. It sounds a good enough idea for cricket, but if the Government showed favouritism for cricket, it would be doubly let themselves in for trouble.

SIX HUNGARIANS FOR THE AAA CHAMPIONSHIPS

Jozsef Cserrnak, Hungary's Olympic Champion hammer thrower is to compete in the AAA championships at the White City in London on July 9-10.

Also in the six-man team is Jozsef Kovacs, the Hungarian middle-distance champion, who claims to be one of the few men to have defeated the amazing Czech, Emil Zatopek, in competition. — (London Express Service).

MATTHEWS IS STILL THE BEST

Stanley Matthews is "still the finest footballer in the world." That is the unqualified opinion of Andrew Beattie, former Scottish international and now manager of Huddersfield Town.

He said so after his return from Switzerland where he had been managing the Scottish team in the World Cup. Scotland were beaten 7-0 by Uruguay and Mr Beattie has resigned from the management of the national side. — (London Express Service).

ASCOT GOLD CUP



Two French horses fight out the finish at the post during the race for the Ascot Gold Cup. The winner Elpenor (Doyasbere up) is on the right, with "Silix II" (P. Blanc up) challenging. Once again it was a photo-finish.—Central Press Photo.

12 British Milers Under 4:10

Since the last list published in these columns of British Mile runners who have beaten 4 minutes 10 seconds for the distance, two more have joined the group to bring the total to 12.

They are Gordon Pirie and Bill Nankerville. In addition, Victor Milligan and Brian Hewson have improved on their previous best for the season and the complete list now is:

3:59.4 Roger Bannister.
4:04.4 Chris Chataway.
4:05.2 Gordon Pirie.
4:05.4 Brian Hewson.
4:06.7 Victor Milligan.
4:08.0 Peter Driver.
4:08.8 Ian Boyd.
4:09.0 Chris Brasher.
4:09.2 Ken Wood.
4:09.4 Frank Wyatt

4:09.8 David Law
4:09.8 Bill Nankerville
John Evans is on the borderline with 4:10.0, while John Disley (4:10.2) is not far away. Twenty-one British Mile runners in all this season are under 4:15 for the distance.

Bannister, Boyd, Brasher and Law, all members of the Achilles Club, will represent England in the Mile run at the Empire Games. Milligan will represent Northern Ireland in the same event.



Happy hours
-delicious refreshment

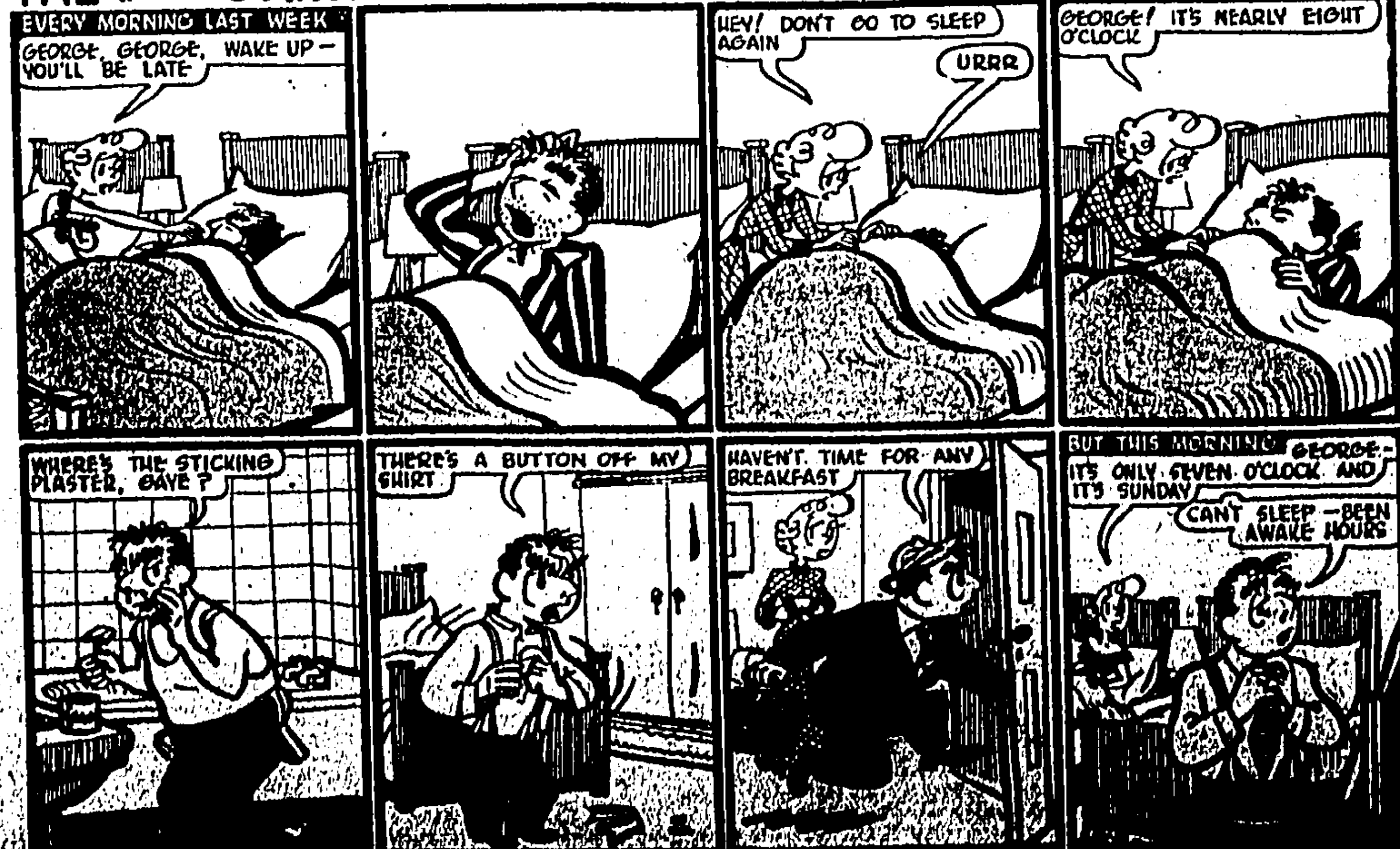
The wholesome pleasures of an outing
Just naturally call for wholesome
Coca-Cola, delicious and refreshing.
This famous drink is pure as sunlight,
matchless in flavour, supreme in quality.
You're sure to like it millions do.



Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company Ltd.
HONGKONG BOTTLING AND CO. LTD.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appley



Birds Eye
fruit and
Vegetables
straight from
the gardens
in or out of
season!
See Page 20



"Come in, professor, we're just finishing lunch."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 3

BORN today you are a rather confusing combination of warm-hearted impulsiveness and quiet reserve. Among those at home whom you know and love, you are an entirely different person from what you are with strangers. Among friends and relatives, you are jolly, optimistic, and even gay. With others, you are shy almost to the point of withdrawal so that casual acquaintances consider you standoffish. You may be falsely accused of being an intellectual snob. Learn to mix more easily.

There is a definite touch of genius in your make-up and your vivid imagination paints a world of your own in which you often live, quite alone. As a child, you may be accused of telling truths because the world of your fancy is quite as real to you as the world of fact. Parents of children born on this day should understand that. Instead of scolding a child for "telling stories"—encourage this creative instinct and help develop it into a productive talent in literature or the arts.

You have a quiet gift, also, for being able to make money. You never get left in a business deal and for one supposedly so temperamental you are surprisingly practical in some matters. Your magnetic personality makes you popular with members of the opposite sex and you will have more than one opportunity to wed.

Among those who were born on this date are: John Singleton Copley, painter; Dana Burnett and J. F. Hunnewell, authors; George Sanders, stage and film star; King Haakon of Norway.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—

If the weatherman disappoints you today, have some indoor hobby to take up your time and interest.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—

Perhaps your planned trip needs to be postponed. If so, adapt yourself to changing conditions gracefully.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—

No need to spend money lavishly for enjoyment. The simple, outdoor, country pleasure can be fun.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

A favourite hobby can relieve boredom today. If previously made plans must be temporarily postponed.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—

Be moderate in your merry-making today. Be especially careful where children are concerned.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—

Be careful in your visits in dealing with new acquaintances.

BORN today, you are a strong-willed, self-controlled individual who believes in the absolute control of mind over matter. You know what you want out of life and go right after it. You are sure that moods, emotions and temperament have no place in the existence of one who intends to make a success out of life. Temporary failure to reach a goal only serves as a further spur to your ambition and will make you work all the harder to gain your objective.

You are in danger of cultivating a one-track mind. If you don't watch out, although you can be charming to those you know very well, you are not one to put yourself out for a comparative stranger. You might find that it broadens your outlook on life to expand your circle of acquaintance. It is likely that you will be placed in a position of authority fairly early in life and the capacity for making friends easily may prove important to your future. You can do it, if only you will bother!

Philosophy and history hold a wide appeal for you and you are deeply interested in all things psychic. Although you will pretend that you are trying to discover some scientific basis for psychic phenomena, you believe in them much more than you will admit! The fact that you have strange experiences, perhaps in mental telepathy, will lead you to this belief. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, an early marriage should prove a very happy one.

Among those who were born on this date are: Joseph Pennell, painter; Nathaniel Hawthorne, author; George M. Cohan, actor; Calvin Coolidge, 30th U.S. President; Stephen Foster, composer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 5

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—

Perhaps you're just a little bored with loafing! Find some odd jobs to do around the house or yard.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—

Adapt yourself to any sudden change in plans, if necessary. Execute a quick "turnabout" with ease.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—

A new inspiration may look spectacular at first glimpse. Be sure that it is practical as well.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

You may need to put in some overtime work today and take your extra holiday another time. Be philosophical about it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—

If you get stung by yesterday, take good care of yourself today. Just stay in the shade.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—

Take time out to recuperate if you've had a strenuous two days! Catch up on your rest.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—

Get an early start back to town if you have been vacationing in the country. Avoid heavy traffic.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—

Personal affairs are high-lighted just now. Be sure that you get exactly what is coming to you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—

Cautiousness can cause a serious error, so pay attention to even the slightest detail. Be exact.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—

Something you may have planned several days ago may materialize now. Be alert to opportunity.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—

Slack up another day, full of fresh air and sunshine. It will mellow up today. Prove your mettle's good family marriage.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—

Perhaps you're just a little bored with loafing! Find some odd jobs to do around the house or yard.

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Adapt yourself to any sudden change in plans, if necessary. Execute a quick "turnabout" with ease.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—

A new inspiration may look spectacular at first glimpse. Be sure that it is practical as well.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

You may need to put in some overtime work today and take your extra holiday another time. Be philosophical about it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—

Take time out to recuperate if you've had a strenuous two days! Catch up on your rest.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—

Get an early start back to town if you have been vacationing in the country. Avoid heavy traffic.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—

Personal affairs are high-lighted just now. Be sure that you get exactly what is coming to you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—

Cautiousness can cause a serious error, so pay attention to even the slightest detail. Be exact.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—

Something you may have planned several days ago may materialize now. Be alert to opportunity.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—

Slack up another day, full of fresh air and sunshine. It will mellow up today. Prove your mettle's good family marriage.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—

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